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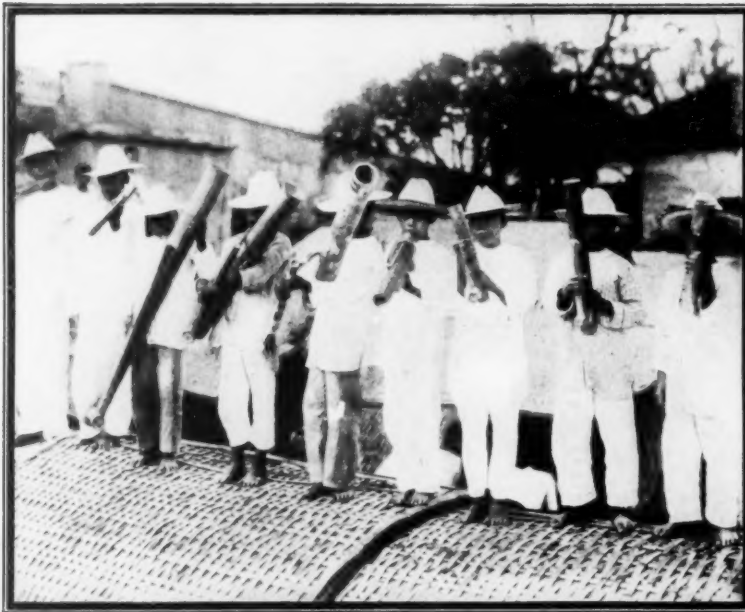
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The Schweitzer Press

CAN THIS BE DONE?

THIS EDITION IS OVER 400,000 COPIES

Odd Glimpses of the Philippines



A TYPICAL FILIPINO BAND

The musicians are barefooted and they play on queer instruments, all made of bamboo, even the slide trombone. The music from these primitive devices is by no means bad.



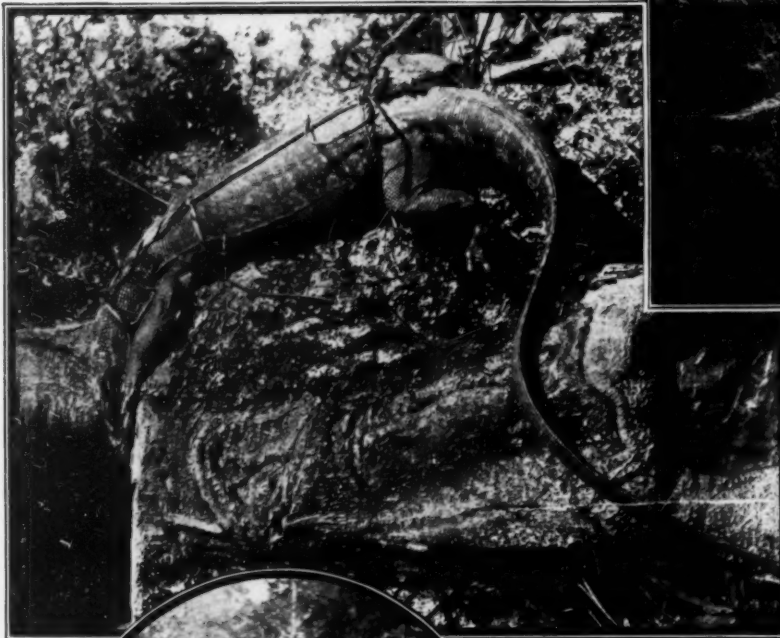
MUSIC CHARMS THE SAVAGE BREAST

A native of the interior of Mindanao listening with open-mouthed delight to an operatic selection rendered by a phonograph operated by an American soldier.



CURIOUS AGRICULTURAL ENTERPRISE

Remarkable terraces built by the Igorrotes in the mountains of Luzon for the growing of rice. This cereal is cultivated in an irrigated, muddy tract on each terrace, encircled by a low wall.



PERHAPS THE LARGEST LIZARD EVER CAUGHT.

This animal is an iguana, a herbivorous creature whose flesh is edible. It is 8 feet 6 inches long and was captured alive by Moros. It is said to be the largest of its species ever seen in the Philippines.



"PIPING THE WATER TO YOUR DOOR."

A Filipino water carrier, with "tanks" made of sections of bamboo, riding about on a pony and delivering the liquid to his customers.



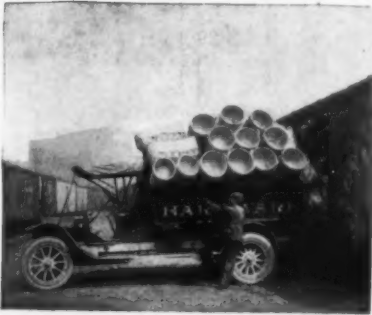
REPELLENT TROPHY OF THE CHASE

A 30-foot python caught by United States soldiers in the Philippines. The python is a large non-poisonous reptile which abounds in the tropics. It is akin to the boa and anaconda. The larger specimens can crush and swallow animals as big as a half-grown sheep.



MAKING MECHANICS OF THE NATIVES.

A wood bench-shop in one of the thirty-eight trade and manual training schools established in the Islands by the Educational Department. The young men taught in these establishments show great aptitude for the work assigned to them. The acquiring of skill in constructive industry has a distinct uplifting influence on a backward race.



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What is the system by which you deliver your goods?

Do you know that one *properly-selected* light motor truck will do double the work of a horse at less cost?

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Leslie's

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES
EDITED BY JOHN A. SLEICHER
"In God We Trust"

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The Editor is always ready to consider short stories or articles, which should be typewritten on one side of the sheet only, and should not exceed 3,000 words.
Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the author or sender, plainly on the manuscript, and not on a separate slip or in an accompanying letter.

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The Horrors of War in Photos

THE atrocities perpetrated on all sides in the Balkan War, as reported by the press dispatches, have been too horrible for belief, but the stories, after all, appear to have been justified.

We say this on the authority of the special photographer of LESLIE'S, Mrs. C. R. Miller, who was dispatched to the seat of war as soon as its serious nature was disclosed.

It at first appeared as if the war might be a trifling incident, but as the various Balkan States became involved and Turkey was overwhelmingly defeated with the mad onrush of the forces combined against it, it was evident that the map of Europe was about to be changed.

Then came the struggle between the Balkan States over the disposition of the spoils. The allies, now torn asunder, displayed greater ferocity in their warfare against each other than they had in their onslaught against the Turks.

In a letter dated August 1st from Belgrade, Mrs. Miller writes: "The wounded men have 'shown me how the Bulgarians bayoneted them when they were unable to move, 'after the battle. It is all so horrible and so sad. They have about sixty cases of 'cholera and had to deaths yesterday, although they are trying to keep it quiet. 'About 7,000 wounded are here and it is surely a city of sadness. I shall remain in 'this part of the country several days longer and then go farther down the Danube. You cannot imagine the conditions under which I am living in order to get 'photos of the war scenes. Poor Serbia, with 60,000 of the flower of her peasantry 'either dead or wounded, faces great suffering.'"

We expect to have the first lot of war photographs from Mrs. Miller at an early date. Our readers will then fully comprehend the horrors of the Balkan War. LESLIE'S gives all the world's news in pictures.

The correspondent of a Rome, Italy, newspaper who has visited the chief centers of the fighting in the Balkans, gives appalling estimates of the losses in life and money of the nations concerned in the two wars—the one, which Greece and the Balkan States waged against Turkey, and the later one which Greece and Serbia carried on against Bulgaria. In the first war, he calculates, Bulgaria had 80,000 soldiers killed out of 350,000 mobilized and her expenses in the conflict were \$300,000,000. Serbia had 30,000 men killed out of 250,000 mobilized, and her expenses were \$160,000,000. Greece had 10,000 killed out of 150,000 mobilized, and her outlay was \$70,000,000. Montenegro's losses were 8,000 dead out of 30,000 soldiers, and the war cost her \$4,000,000. Turkey out of 450,000 soldiers had 100,000 killed, and her war expense was \$400,000,000. The correspondent's figures for the second war are: Bulgaria, 60,000 dead, \$180,000,000; Serbia 40,000, \$100,000,000; Greece 30,000, \$50,000,000. Adding to the totals given above the number of persons massacred and the victims of cholera epidemics, and it is reckoned that nearly 400,000 lives were lost in the two conflicts, while the monetary loss aggregated \$1,360,000,000. In connection with these figures it may be stated that the Boer War in South Africa cost England 20,000 dead and \$1,000,000,000.

The second war in the Balkans ended with a treaty of peace between Bulgaria and her foes, Greece and Serbia, but a grave situation remained because some of the great European powers disagreed regarding certain provisions of the treaty.



Mrs. C. R. Miller

The Spring Chicken

A picture we are proud to crow about

James Montgomery Flagg has drawn many beautiful girls, but none more attractive than the one shown above. On the beach at Atlantic City she would be a big attraction—you'd take a second look at her yourself. Why not get her picture and frame it for your den or living room?

Just send 25c and say, "Send me 'The Spring Chicken'" and she'll be sent to you by return mail.

The JUDGE Art Print Catalog, containing 62 reproductions in miniature, beautifully printed in sepia on India tint paper, will be sent to you for 10c. It shows many pictures which will appeal to you.

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Enclosed find 25c for which
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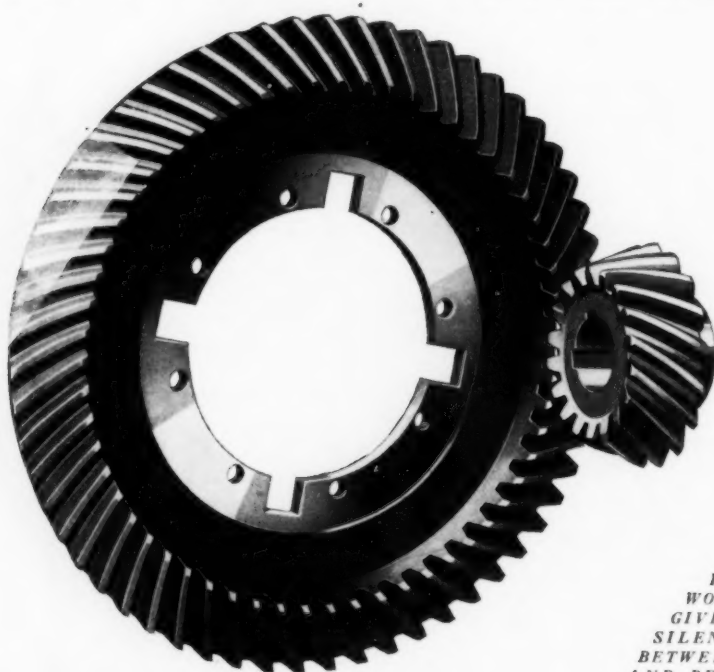
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NOW PACKARD WORM BEVELS MEAN A SILENT REAR AXLE



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WORM DESIGN
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BETWEEN PINION
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WORM BEVEL GEARS HAVE PRODUCED AT LAST THE SILENT REAR AXLE—THE AIM OF BUILDERS SINCE HIGH GRADE CARS WERE FIRST MADE—NOW AN EXCLUSIVE FEATURE OF THE NEW PACKARD CARS.

WITH THIS ADVANCE IN DESIGN, THE FULL MEASURE OF POWER IS TRANSMITTED WITHOUT NOISE TO THE REAR WHEELS. THE ENTIRE ABSENCE OF REAR AXLE "GRIND" GIVES AN ADDED ZEST TO THE ENJOYMENT OF THE RIDE.

TO ROUND OUT THIS RESULT PACKARD SPIRAL TIMING GEARS INSURE ALSO A SILENT FRONT END.

LEFT DRIVE, LEFT HAND GEAR SHIFT, CONTROL BOARD ON THE STEERING COLUMN.

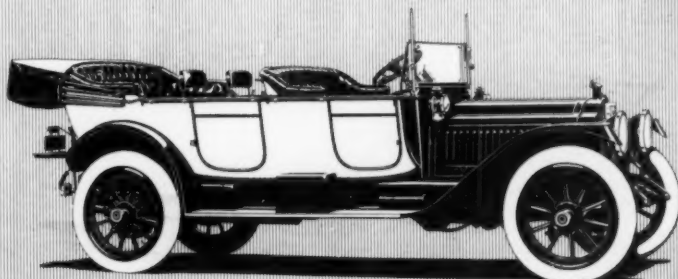
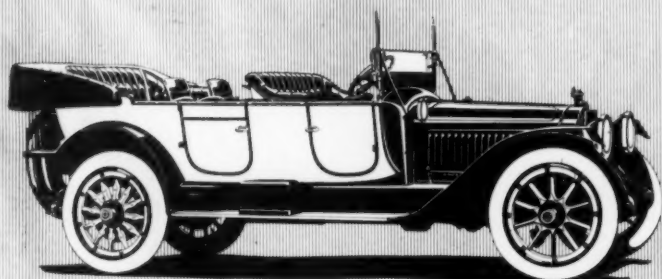
NINETEEN BODY STYLES. TOURING CAR IN EITHER SIZE, SEATS SEVEN.

ANY PACKARD DEALER WILL DEMONSTRATE THE SMOOTH, SILENT ACTION OF THE NEW PACKARD SIXES. CATALOG ON REQUEST.

Ask the man who owns one
Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit

THE "38" TOURING CAR

THE "48" TOURING CAR





No Trust

WE must trust each other or the world will go wrong. The old sign in the village grocery pinned over the counter said: "No Trust." It made us wonder what kind of customers patronized that store.

The man whom you can't trust ought to keep off your premises. The woman whom you can't trust should be shunned. The workman you can't trust should be discharged.



Trust is the father of confidence. With it goes success, thrift and happiness. Without it are discord, discontent and failure.

The business of this country is disturbed. Manufacturers are distrusted, bankers are in doubt, railroads are troubled, labor is restless. People are not trusting each other. They are suspecting everybody and taking everything with a grain of salt.

The unbeliever is always at hand to knock the props from the foundations of faith. Couples used to be married "until death do part." Now judges in the divorce courts are busier than ministers in the churches.

In olden days a household might be without a library, but it was never without a family Bible. In these times the only place to find a Bible is in a church and in hotels where the "Gideons" are distributing copies free. They will receive their reward in the next world.

In the olden days the father and mother were the heads of the family. Now the children dictate to their elders. The story of the creation, once believed by everybody, is now challenged by science, art and literature. The easiest way for a minister to get his name in the paper is no longer by preaching the old-fashioned gospel, but by challenging it.

The text books of the past are gone. Webster's spelling book is a curiosity and as such commands a higher price than it ever did before. With a good stenographer why should anyone bother about spelling?

The old Constitution that we used to venerate on our knees has gone with the rest into the junk pile. If we don't like the decision of a judge let us pull him off the bench and put him in the street. We can find a hundred willing to take his place.

The captains of industry whom our Chambers of Commerce formerly welcomed with banquets, and the people hailed as the creators of prosperity, are being exiled. The crowd is eager to divide what the captains have created. The latter are lucky to escape with their lives.

The railroads to which the pioneers of the West and South and the Pacific used to give large bonuses in money, liberal grants of land and all sorts of tax exemptions and special favors if they would only venture their millions in building railways to open up the territory, have done their work and been paid off. Now we confiscate their property or tax them to death. If the railroad companies can't run the railroads, Uncle Sam will.

As for the man with money—strip him! The crowd needs money more than he does. It took him years of toil and labor to acquire it, and he ran many risks before he achieved success. But the crowd can't wait. It wants money now. Why save money? When the crowd gets it it will spend it. "Eat, drink and be merry."

So wags the unhappy, unrestful world! So the seeds of revolution are sown. So the red flag flies. "No God and no master!"

Some day the people will rule—the thoughtful, earnest, God-fearing, conscientious people to whom right living is more than filthy lucre and to whom Justice is a flaming sword that knows no sheath.

Reader, what are you going to do about it?

"In God we trust."

The Business Man in Politics

BUSINESS men large and small—by whose ability and integrity this country has attained its commercial supremacy should carry the same enterprising spirit into public affairs. They have too long held back and permitted the self-seeking politician to take the lead. As a means of increasing the interest and participation of business men in political questions, the business men of Seattle, Washington, through a conference of representatives from the principal cities of the state, secured the organization of the Civic League of the State of Washington.

The plan provides for county organizations to look after matters within the county, while in questions of state-wide interest all county organizations join hands and pursue a common policy. The League directed its first efforts to the support of good men in the primaries and the securing as candidates for office, business men who would not have consented to be candidates without the promise of such support. In the November election the same support was given capable and deserving candidates. With the convening of the Legislature, the League opened an office at the capital and gave the business interests of the state a vigilance and information bureau, so that they might give to needed measures intelligent and effective support.

The form of organization of the Civic League of Washington is one that could be used in every state. It would require money to build up the organization and to secure the publicity to make it effective, but business men are quite capable of carrying it through. They ought to see that such a participation in public affairs is a duty they owe to themselves and to their country.



No Force Bill For Bankers

WE need banking reform. The masses know very little about this need and it is exceedingly difficult to make them understand it. Whenever a panic occurs we are told how it could have been avoided if we had had an elastic currency system, such as other first class nations have established. In a panic everybody suffers, and everyone is anxious for a remedy that shall prevent future troubles of the kind. Then prosperity returns and panics are forgotten.

President Wilson and his advisers recognize the pressing need of banking reform. The president insists that the first step shall be taken at this extra session but he makes the mistake of trying to pass a partisan measure. The Republican members of the Banking Committee, were not called into consultation about it and had nothing to do with

it. The next mistake, almost as fatal, was in not consulting the leading bankers of the country.

No banking bill should be passed in face of the united opposition of the banks. They reach out in all directions. They have their customers in every city, village and hamlet. They are the most helpful friends of the people. For honesty, integrity and unselfishness the banker, and especially the so-called country banker, stands unrivalled.

An impression prevailed that Wall Street and its bankers were opposed to the Wilson Bill. They were and they had a right to be, because as first outlined it was an ill-balanced, ill-conceived and purely political measure such as no experienced banker could endorse. Bankers could see no reason why they should turn over to the government 20 per cent. of their capital and from 5 to 12½ per cent. of their deposits on which they are to be limited to annual dividends of 5 per cent. on the capital and nothing on the deposits, and not have anything to say about the composition or the regulation of the proposed Federal Board which the president was to appoint, presumably all of his own political party.

So the bankers of the East kept silent. They realized, as the Hon. A. Barton Hepburn, President of the New York Clearing House Association, one of the most experienced financiers in the country, expressed it, that "Every one of the 7,000 national banks in the country is capable of exercising good business judgment and will apply that judgment to any currency measure which the government may enact." The best proof of the accuracy of this statement is found in the vigorous protest against the Wilson Bill made by the bankers of St. Louis. They enter a strenuous protest against what they characterize as "the Force Bill" provision requiring national banks to obligate themselves to contribute both from their capital and from their reserve to the proposed Federal Reserve banks. From every section of the country similar protests have been heard. Their force was recognized, and several amendments to the bill, all helpful and all in recognition of the protests, have been made recently. Others should follow. Perhaps they will until a more conservative measure has been perfected.

A banking reform bill can be passed at this session, but it must not be a partisan bill nor a measure so radical that its passage will do harm. No force bill for the banks will be tolerated. It is to the credit of the bankers of this country that they are preparing to meet in Chicago, as soon as the proposed banking bill has been finally amended, to express their sentiments regarding it. What they will have to say on this occasion will be listened to with profound interest.

Give the bankers fair play.

The Plain Truth

ABSURD! We are having a lot of silly talk because President Wilson has been appointing some wealthy men, or men with rich wives, to important ambassadorships. We recall the fuss that was made when President Cleveland sent in the name of James Van Allen, of New York, as Minister to France. When it was disclosed that Mr. Van Allen had contributed \$25,000 to Cleveland's campaign fund, the nomination was withdrawn because of the howls of the yellow press. President Wilson is severely criticized for appointing Mr. Frederic C. Penfield as Ambassador to Austria-Hungary. One report had it that Mr. Penfield gave nearly \$100,000 to the Wilson campaign fund. In reality, he says he gave \$12,000, which was the limit placed on contributions, we believe. Mr. Penfield, by training and experience, is well qualified for the important post to which he has been assigned. The fact that he was a contributor to the Wilson campaign fund by no means makes him ineligible. There is neither right nor reason for the exclusion of competent men, rich or poor, from holding public office.



JAILED! Of the seven members of the recent West Virginia Legislature indicted for bribery, five have been convicted and sentenced to prison. A prominent Tammany Hall member of the New York Legislature has just been sent to Sing Sing for accepting a bribe. It is not an uncommon thing to have reports of this kind. Two Congressmen have recently been engaged in street brawls in Washington; one Senator, during an investigation, created a scene because of his apparent over-indulgence in stimulants. These are the kind of legislators that are magnifying "the vermin" of Wall Street, like Lamar and "the liars and blackmailers," as Leader Underwood stigmatized Mulhall. These are samples of the sort of men who are making mischief for the country while pretending to be the friends of the people. Fortunately in both the great political parties there are still sane, sound, sensible and conservative leaders, but their efforts for good government and just legislation are made more difficult by the character of some of their associates. Let the people think of these things and scrutinize the character of the candidates who ask their votes.

STUDY! We hear a good deal about eugenics in our public schools. We ought to encourage new thoughts and new ideas, but why not teach a higher patriotism first? We were greatly impressed by one sentence in the annual message of Governor Spry of Utah. He said: "If our schools were compelled to incorporate in their courses of study a comprehensive training along this line, with frequent lessons in patriotism, we would develop a generation of loyal, patriotic voters in whose hands the votes would shortly become an instrument of principle and not a weapon of personality." Governor Spry spoke of "our aggravated condition of political unrest." He found that this was not so much the result of fundamental wrongs in our system of government as it was an outgrowth of indifference and thoughtlessness. We wish these words might impress themselves on the mind of every reader. We are not surprised that after writing this patriotic text, Governor Spry quoted in his message, an editorial from Leslie's urging "respect for the constitution of the fathers, obedience to the laws of the land, even-handed justice for all, right living and right thinking." Good for Utah!

DON'T. Don't be too hard on Brother Bryan for turning his back upon the duties of Secretary of State for the profits and delights of the Chautauqua circuit. Mr. Bryan can live on the salary he receives as a member of the Cabinet, but he doesn't feel like missing that extra \$10,000 a year picked up on the lecture platform and which he has been accustomed to salt down for a rainy day. Let us not be too severe upon Mr. Bryan so long as every member of Congress draws a bonus for mileage, based on a system established when the country was small and before the days of railroads. Members from the Pacific coast receive in addition to the regular salary of \$7,500 a year, \$1,000 for each session of Congress, after having taken out their actual traveling expenses. Some very progressive Senators from this section who preach the old-fashioned economy along with many progressive doctrines, have never shown any great unwillingness to piece out their salaries with a mileage of 40 cents a mile!





A NEW PLATFORM

Leader Underwood: This is the kind of Protection the business man needs

Drawn for Leslie's by E. W. Kemble

WE CAN'T LIVE
IN AMERICA
ON WAGES
PAID IN EUROPE



A STRONG APPEAL
"Banner with a strange device," borne by a young woman in the anti-tariff-cutting procession at Gloversville, N. Y.

The Sincerity of President Wilson—Shall We Doubt It?

By JOHN A. SLEICHER

A LOWER TARIFF
ON GLOVES
STANDS FOR
Lower Wages
Lower Living



A SOLEMN WARNING
One of the most convincing emblems carried in the Gloversville factory workers' demonstration.

THE Democratic Party did not come into power under false pretences. Many voters who supported Wilson before election, are now telling him why he ought not to do the things he promised to do. If he is a man of his word, he must keep his promises. We admire a man with the courage of his convictions, even if his convictions are wrong, but this is not to say that we admire a man with the courage of his incompetency, after he discovers that he has made a mistake.

We are observing a peculiar phase of human character. Men who never saw Wilson or Taft, voted for Wilson and against Taft

because they believed the former was more "progressive" than the latter. They had faith in Wilson's promises of "a new freedom." They believed that Taft was responsible for the higher cost of living and for defending protection which they regarded as the father of trusts.

The cane sugar growers of Louisiana and Hawaii, the beet sugar growers of Colorado and the wool producers of Texas, Ohio and Montana, and other states knew perfectly well before election that Wilson, if elected, would favor free sugar and free wool. The members of the Democratic State Committee of Michigan, who now protest against these things, were not deceived.

Certain Louisiana sugar growers insist that they had assurances before his election that Wilson, if elected, would not interfere with the prosperity of the sugar industry. We do not believe that Wilson ever gave such assurances. If they are a matter of record, we would like to see the records.

Of course we can understand that the sugar growers and the wool producers regarded it as inconceivable that any President or any Congress would tolerate legislation that would imperil or destroy a great American industry. Everybody feels that if protection is needed to maintain American industries and an American scale of wages, nobody would think of sacrificing it to the theory of free trade.

The glove makers of Fulton County, New York, the collar makers of Troy, N. Y., and other bodies of workmen who have been holding mass meetings to protest against the reductions of the tariff are not justified in denouncing President Wilson. He never gave them any assurance that he was for protection. On the contrary, both in his writings before he was in politics and in every public utterance before and after he was a candidate for the presidency he declared himself as an open, avowed opponent of the principle of protection.

He was for "a new freedom," and a radical reduction of the tariff. He honestly believed that the manufacturers of the country and the workmen would all be better off if the paternal and protecting hand of the Government were removed. He did not hesitate to say that protection fattened the manufacturer by giving him swollen profits while it gave very little to the workmen. Of course, the wage-earners knew that this was not so, otherwise wages would not be so much higher in this country than they are everywhere abroad. The manufacturers knew it was not so. The sugar and wool men, from practical experience, knew that the theory of Mr. Wilson was wrong. None of these believed that, if elected, he would permit their interests to be assailed. President Wilson's honest judgment of the inefficiency of American labor was expressed in his baccalaureate sermon at Princeton University, June 13, 1909, when he said in an utterance that was the result of very careful thought:

You know what the usual standard of the employee is in our day. It is to give as little as he may for his wages. Labor is standardized by the trades union, and this is the standard to which it is made to conform. No one is suffered to do more than the average workman can do. In some trades and handicrafts no one is suffered to do more than the least skillful of his fellows can do within the hours allotted to a day's labor and no one may work out of hours at all or volunteer anything beyond the minimum. I need not point out how economically disastrous such a regulation of labor is. It is so unprofitable to the employer that in some trades it will presently not be worth his while to attempt anything at all. He had better stop altogether than operate at an inevitable and invariable loss. The labor of America is rapidly becoming unprofitable under its present regulation by those who have determined to reduce it to a minimum. Our economic supremacy may be lost because the country grows more and more full of unprofitable "servants."

The people did not take Wilson at his word. He meant what he said, but they didn't believe it. There need be no mistake as to his words. He said that manufacturers

were being coddled by the protective tariff, and that without it they would be stimulated to greater, stronger and more effective competition with the foreign manufacturer. He said that the American workingman would learn to be more efficient if the competition with the foreign laborer were more acute. This is what Secretary Redfield says too. There can be no mistake as to where Professor Wilson stood, because this is what he said in his speeches just before election:

This "protective tariff," so-called, has become the means of fostering the growth of particular groups of industry at the expense of the economic vitality of the rest of the country. What the people

men of middle age, similar attacks on the protective tariff have been followed by disastrous results. But those who were apprehensive because of the past, were told the danger they feared might have been real a quarter of a century ago, but now it no longer existed. The manufacturers and the workmen were told that our infant industries no longer needed protection; that they had outgrown their swaddling clothes and

that what they needed was "a new freedom" and the stimulus of a world-wide and open competition. So, they voted to have the experiment of a low tariff tried again.

A few days before election, facing the situation in stern reality, some of the manufacturers and workmen began to fear the results of a sweeping cut in the tariff. An appeal to Mr. Wilson was made, but he did not surrender his convictions nor sacrifice his principles. He still declared his firm purpose to radically reduce the tariff and to tear down the protective wall. He did say, however, in one reassuring word, that this would be done in such a way as not to imperil or destroy any industry. He was honest in what he said. He believed he was honest then and he believes it now.

The people of this country ought to know by this time that there is a radical difference between the tariff views of the two great political parties. The Republican Party believes in protection as a principle and has said so in every national and state platform for nearly fifty years. It has established the protective principle when it has been in power and it has asserted that under a protective tariff old industries grew stronger and new industries were developed. Only a few years ago a protective tariff on the manufacture of tin and silk was proposed by the Republican Party. It was bitterly opposed by the Democratic Party on the ground that neither of these industries could ever be developed in the United States. History gives the answer in the tin industry of the United States! The value of the tin plate products in this country has risen from nothing to over \$50,000,000 a year! The development of this industry all took place within twenty years from the time when

free traders in Congress said it was absurd to believe that we could establish the manufacture of tin in the United States in competition with the industry in Wales, which then controlled the tin market of the world. We need hardly refer to the silk industry because we are now taking the lead in it, with an output valued at over \$200,000,000 a year and an army of employees so large that we cannot undertake to count them. What do the free traders now say about these two industries? Read what they said when high protective duties on tin and silk were being demanded in Congress? The *Congressional Record* tells the story. They had a good deal to say then. They have nothing to say now.

The Democratic Party has been consistent in its opposition to the protective policy. It has always opposed it in varying terms. In some of its platforms it has gone so far as to advocate free trade. It does not believe that protection is justified, but it will concede a moderate amount of protection for the time being to enable our industries to live and to maintain the higher scale of American wages. President Wilson does not believe in the protective principle. Conceding that protection has been beneficial, his strongest arguments are brought to bear to prove that it is no longer necessary and that, except in a few instances, we would be better off with the entire removal of the tariff on many of our articles, including sugar, wool, lumber and farm products.

We are told by the free traders that if wages are higher in this country, the cost of living is also higher, though no proof of this is or can be presented. We were told this before election, but since election word has gone out from Washington that, even if the tariff is radically reduced, the people must not expect a marked reduction in the cost of living. They must be satisfied with "the moral effect" of the movement for free trade. As if the people could live on that!

The people will learn that successful government involves not only good intentions and honesty of purpose on the part of the governing power, but that it is best to choose our rulers from among those whose good intentions and purposes are coupled with a wide experience in business affairs. New men in business often undertake experiments, but successful merchants and manufacturers are

(Continued on page 186)



A BREADWINNING ARMY OPPOSED TO TARIFF CUTTING
Big demonstration at Gloversville, N. Y., by employees in the glove factories there against the drastic reduction of the tariff which is being pushed through Congress at Washington. Many thousand men and women were in line. Although the Democratic National platform last year pledged the party to tariff cutting, many workers in protected industries voted for the candidates of that party.

now propose is a very practical thing indeed: They propose to unearth these special privileges and to cut them out of the tariff. One of the counts of the indictment against the so-called "protective" tariff is that it has robbed Americans of their independence, resourcefulness, and self-reliance. Our industry has grown invertebrate, cowardly, dependent on government aid.

Thousands of manufacturers in every line of protected industry who openly supported President Wilson's canvass, did so because they believed, as most people did, that the protective tariff, in many instances, was too high. They poured their hundreds of thousands of dollars into the coffers of the newspapers and magazines that were denouncing the policy of protection in every issue and in the strongest terms. These manufacturers didn't believe that tariff revision meant anything to them. Neither did the workmen. Now brought face to face with a radical reduction in the tariff all along the line and an entire removal of duties on sugar and wool, public opinion has begun to change. The producers, the manufacturers and the workmen begin to express fears of the outcome.

Some manufacturers, alarmed over the possibilities of such drastic action, took the liberty of pointing out to their employees that a radical reduction in the tariff eventually must mean lower wages. In some instances, the employees themselves realized the situation and entered their protests, as the glove makers, the collar makers and others have done. Congressmen paid no attention to the protests of manufacturers and business men. They never do. But when the workmen were heard from, Secretary Redfield to appease their growing opposition made his extraordinary intimation that if the manufacturers reduced wages, the Government would take the matter up and make it the subject of investigation. This conveyed an intimation that the manufacturer had no interest in common with the wage-earner and that he was not the friend but the oppressor of the latter. To add to his ignominy the President stigmatized him as a "lobbyist."

All this is current history. Some men learn by the experience of others (which is the cheapest way to learn) and some only learn by the bitter experience of themselves (which is the dearest way). The manufacturers knew what happened to them when the protective tariff had been attacked in the past; the wage-earners knew. The pages of history are an open book. In the recollection of

For the Sake of Her Soul*

By REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

Author of "The House of Bondage," "The Sentence of Silence," "Running Sands," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Josephine (called "Joe") Meggs, a girl of seventeen, lives with her father, nervous stepmother, and two half-brothers in a Bronx apartment. Without her stepmother's permission, she goes with her friend, Nona Coolidge, to a matinee, and afterwards to the *Hotel Monongahela*. The girls order chocolate-sundaes. Leaving the hotel, they collide with Geoffrey Boden, who rescues Nona's purse. After some parley, they accompany him for a second sundae. Joe at first supposes Nona to be acquainted with Boden. Nona introduces Joe as "Miss Worthington." Boden invites the girls to dine with him, or, failing that, to meet him and a friend at Deschamps' cafe. The girls refuse and hasten home. It is late. Mrs. Meggs, overwrought, loses her temper, and Joe is driven from the house. Mr. Meggs follows and consents to Joe's spending the night with Nona. Nona persuades Joe to accompany her to Deschamps', where they pass a pleasant, and, as they think, innocent evening. Returning, Nona and Boden's friend start first, leaving Boden and Joe to follow alone in a second taxi. Boden makes love and kisses Joe. He is repulsed. During the next few days Joe looks for work. She secures it in Mrs. Manitoby's Second-Hand Clothing Shop. There for the first time Joe learns of the trade of the streets. Joe's father dies, and Joe, alone (for her stepmother goes to Connecticut), decides to share a bedroom with Gwen, one of the Manitoby sales-girls. Months pass. One night Joe accepts an invitation to a dance with Gwen and two young men of Gwen's acquaintance. The four later go presumably to a second dance. Once in this house, beyond the reach of aid, Joe suddenly realizes that she has been terribly tricked. Joe throws a water-bottle at the young man who had, earlier, acted as her companion. Interview between Mame Levitt, the madame of the place, and Joe. In a moment's inattention from the others Joe telephones to Boden, who quickly responds to her summons. There is a misunderstanding between Joe and Boden, both because of where she is and because he learns that her name is not "Worthington." Boden, nevertheless, arranges her escape. But Mame Levitt makes him again doubt the girl by saying: "We never wanted her around here. She's no good, she isn't. I've known her for two years." Geoffrey disbelieves Joe's protestations of innocence. He accompanies her to her boarding-house, which is locked for the night. He offers her his room, himself to go to a friend. When he bids her "good-night" his impulses overcome him, and he kisses her. Joe finally locks the door after him. Joe interviews Gwen, who seems to think she was doing Joe a good turn. Gwen reminds Joe of her debts, and tells her that she must do something and do it quick. During the dull weeks that follow in unrelieved work Joe questions the use of being "good." One day Nona, with a flashy young man, enters Mrs. Manitoby's store and buys several things. She does not speak to Joe. Later, however, she telephones, apologizes and asks Joe to meet her at Deschamps'. They dine together. Joe does not mean to meet Taylor, Nona's escort, but there is no help when he appears. Nona insists that Joe stay for supper with herself and Taylor. Ten uneventful days pass. Geoffrey does not see Joe, but struggles with his problem concerning her. Then Nona calls up Joe at her place of work and, saying that she is in great trouble, asks Joe to come to her. Joe finds Nona distracted by grief. Nona has been deserted by Taylor, whom she loves, and is left penniless. Joe tries to comfort her. The two girls talk the matter over. Nona leaves the room. There is a report, and she totters back and drops, dead, at Joe's feet.

Chapter the Tenth

SECTION I

IT seemed to Joe as if the noise of the shot that killed Nona was still echoing through the room when a policeman entered; but Joe knew that she must have used the apartment telephone to call for help. It seemed as if not a moment passed before a doctor arrived and pronounced Nona dead, but Joe knew that a quarter of an hour must have passed.

"I'm no use here," said the doctor. He looked at Joe; he was a young man, with a clean-cut, kindly face and alert eyes. "Did she do for herself?" he asked.

Joe, cowering on a sofa, nodded.

The doctor looked at the policeman, who was ponderously making a tour of the rooms.

"Looks as if there'd been a fight," said the policeman.

"She—she'd quarrelled with a man—with a man she expected to marry."

The doctor rose from beside the still form on the floor. He picked up a clean towel from one of the open trunks, and covered the face of the dead.

"What were you doing here?" he inquired.

"She sent for me."

"You were a friend of hers?"

"Yes."

"Did you see the fight?"

"Oh, no, it was over—the man was gone—when I got here."

"Hum," said the doctor. His eyes were very keen indeed.

"It's all right, I guess," the policeman called from the bathroom. He came out with a piece of paper in his short fingers. "Here's a note she left. She says: 'I am puttin' an end to my life because the man I loved tricked me.'"

He read the words in a sly, matter-of-fact tone—in the

tone of one to whose eyes some such words come more or less regularly in the course of work. The poor, inadequate, intimate phrases meant little to him, and at the sound of his voice Joe, to whom those phrases were surcharged with long and violent emotions, shuddered.

"Better see if it's in her own writing," said the doctor, drily.

Joe did not guess what they were driving at. Through the veil of that horror of Nona's death, with no thought of what the death might mean to its sole witness, she watched the two men turn out a frail writing-desk that stood by one of the windows. They secured some examples of Nona's handwriting, compared these with the note found in the bathroom, and appeared satisfied. The policeman placed all the papers in an inner pocket of his blue coat. . . .

apartments, published for all New York to gloat over for two or three of its evening rides home in the Subway; the "romance" was served in a score of different fashions as an appetizer for the breakfast-table.

Nor did Joe escape. Young reporters—good-natured lads that meant no harm but had to find, each one, some detail that escaped his rivals—came to her lodgings and added their sharp inquiries to the frankly vulgar questionings of the clerks in the store. From some source that Joe knew nothing of, one reporter exhumed a photograph of Joe, taken three years before. This he printed with the legend: "Josephine Meggs, the dead girl's friend, who was with her when the fatal shot was fired." Other papers photographed this cut, each making a different Joe, and all connecting her, at least by inference, with the career on which Nona had embarked.

Geoffrey Boden saw all this, as, indeed, he could not well help seeing, and he was more than ever perplexed. At first, having thus learned Joe's address, he wanted to go to her and offer any aid that she might require of him; but he paused long enough to reflect upon the possible results of such a course, and he postponed its pursuit. He remembered Nona—remembered her as Joe's intimate friend, as the girl that had introduced him to Joe as "Miss Worthington." Well, there seemed to be no doubt of what Nona had been; allowing for the usual hyperbole of the newspapers, as, like most newspaper readers, he was accustomed to allow for it, she had been pretty much what he had suspected Joe of being; "good" girls, according to Geoffrey's theory of morality, did not have "bad" friends. Geoffrey thought what he considered was the worst of Joe.

He did not like it. A few weeks before, he had wanted to think ill of Joe; he wanted to think ill of her and to be on intimate terms with her in accordance with that presumption. But time had wrought a change in him; the long endeavors to find her, the sting of his failures, had made him regard her in a new light, put him through a process that he took to be that of idealizing her; and now that the girl was pilloried in every public sheet as the companion of a loose woman, now that his previous doubts returned as virtual certainties, he felt a quick repulsion.

He went, however, to the inquest. He did not want to go, but he could not keep away. He hesitated and was

tardy, but he entered at last the crowded room just as Joe was in the witness-box, the target for the gaping curiosity of the crowd.

"And so you heard the shot, saw the bathroom door open and saw this woman come out?"

A stout man seated at a raised desk at one end of the room was asking this question. He seemed to be in a hurry to clear up the whole matter and get home to his midday meal.

"Yes, sir."

Only the upper half of Joe's body was visible. She was seated in the box, one hand resting on the rail. Her black gown made her face very white and frightened, and her wide brown eyes were fixed on her questioner's face in mute appeal. Stenographers were taking down her every word; women reporters were supplying the scalpel of analysis to every break in her voice in order to record the results in "pen-pictures" and "impressions"; against one wall, a photographer, perched on a desk, levelled a camera.

"Did she say anything?" continued the examiner.

"Yes, sir."

"What did she say?"

"I don't exactly remember."

"Come, come! This must have been a rather important event for you. You weren't used to seeing tragedies?"

"No, sir."

"Then why didn't what she said strike you forcibly enough to be remembered?"

"I can't say. She—I was frightened. She said something about having done it once for all this time."

"Then she'd attempted such things before?"

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"What do you want?" She stammered. "Where did you come from? How do you dare speak to me."

SECTION 2

Joe would have to appear at the inquest. To her this was an added terror; for her companions in Mrs. Jerry's shop it gave an unexpected distinction to their fellow-worker, and rendered her the victim of questionings that nearly drove her mad. As for Mrs. Jerry herself, she manifested no direct displeasure, but once, in the presence of all the clerks, reminded Joe of Joe's clothing debt to her, and declared that, as business was bad, she could not long continue paying herself, bit by bit, out of Joe's wages.

"You'll have to pay me some cash down, and do it soon," she said.

The newspapers made a good deal of the suicide. News happened just then to be slack, and so Nona's sordid tragedy, freed of the possibility of competition, became a passing "feature." It filled columns that began on the first page, under large headlines, and broke off in the middle of thrilling sentences with the words:

"Continued on Page 3, Column 5."

In these accounts Nona, who had counted for so little in life, assumed, dead, an importance as preposterous as her insignificance had been while she was yet alive. She was spoken of as "the fair and wayward daughter of a well-to-do business-man." It was told that she had been "lured from home" by "the scion of a wealthy and aristocratic family," who had promised marriage and then deserted her. The name of the man was scrupulously concealed, and thus, if Nona had planned a posthumous vengeance, her plan was defeated; but her father's name and address were secured and given in full, and there were pictures of him and his wife, pictures of Nona and of Nona's

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People Talked About



A MANAGER WHO EARNS \$120,000 A YEAR

James MacNaughton, vice-president and manager of the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company, of Calumet, Mich. The men employed in the company's copper mines recently went on a strike in which there was so much violence that troops had to be summoned to the scene. Mr. MacNaughton is a man of strong character and exceptional ability.



OUR NEW AMBASSADOR TO AUSTRIA

Frederic Courtland Penfield, diplomat, author and patron of art, who has been appointed American ambassador to Austria-Hungary. Mr. Penfield is also known as a traveller, yachtsman and philanthropist. He is a man of wealth, is a native of Connecticut and was formerly a journalist. He later became vice consul general at London. During the Cleveland administration he acted in an advisory capacity with respect to the consular and diplomatic service. In 1893 he was chosen as minister to Argentina, but before he was formally appointed he was given the post of diplomatic agent and consul general to Egypt with the rank of Minister Resident. He acquitted himself with signal honor. Mr. Penfield married Mrs. Anne Weightman Walker, daughter of the late William Weightman, of Philadelphia.



NEVER TOO LATE FOR A WOMAN TO VOTE

Mrs. Mary Kennon Evans, of Portland, Oregon, 89 years of age, one of the oldest women in this country to gain the right to vote, registering for an election. She is the mother of Brigadier General Robert K. Evans, U. S. A. She has been an invalid for years and can move only in a wheeled chair. A registration officer went to her home to enable her to register. Mrs. Evans is the widow of a wealthy Mississippi planter and has large estates in the South.



UNIQUE GIFT TO A GREAT BASEBALL PLAYER

Walter Johnson, of the Washington team, premier pitcher of the American League, receiving a silver loving-cup filled with money presented by the fans of Washington, D. C. Oliver P. Newman, chairman of the Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia, is shown making the presentation speech, at the ball park, Washington. He is holding the cover of the cup to show the money. Johnson stands at the left behind the cup. More than \$1,100 was subscribed by the fans for this gift.



A STATESMAN'S BRILLIANT HELPMATE

Mrs. James R. Mann, wife of the leader of the Republican minority in the House of Representatives at Washington, D. C. She is a woman of active mind, keeps pace with modern events, and is noted for domestic accomplishments as well as for intellectual gifts.



EXPERTS WHO SHONE AT GREAT TENNIS TOURNAMENT

At right, John Strachan of San Francisco, winner of the National Clay Courts Championship (singles) at Omaha, Neb., on July 26th. He defeated W. Merrill Hall of New York 6-0, 6-4, 4-6 and 6-4. At left, Miss Mary K. Browne of San Francisco and Mrs. R. H. Williams of Boston, holders of the Women's Championship in doubles, who gave exhibitions in singles and doubles at the National Clay Courts Championship meet. Miss Browne holds the national title in women's singles.



FIRST JURY OF WOMEN IN ILLINOIS

Six women who tried a case in East St. Louis, Ill., photographed with Justice F. X. Ziegelmeyer (at right) and Thomas L. Fekete, Jr., city attorney (at left). Five of the jury were little more than 20 years old, and all but one were unmarried. The case was that of a woman charged with disturbing the peace. She was convicted by the jurors and fined \$5. Several witnesses testified that the defendant had used very profane language, and in spite of the magistrate's effort to prevent it they repeated the harsh words in the hearing of the jury.

With the Sizzling Statesmen in Washington

By ROBERT D. HEINL, Leslie's Weekly Bureau, Wyatt Bldg., Washington, D. C.



HON. ALBERT S. BURLESON
Postmaster General of the United States, who has gained the reputation of being the hardest working member of the President's Cabinet. He retires early at night sometimes and is up at daylight.

THE GRAPE JUICE FIZZLE

How much has the amazing foreign policy of the Bryan regime of the State Department to do with the fact that some of the most important European nations are declining to participate in the San Francisco Exposition? Up to this writing eight foreign countries have turned us down "cold." England has declined, Russia has declined, and Germany and Austria-Hungary are hesitating in a way that makes the friends of the exposition fear that they too will not participate in this memorable event. The fact that the administration has done nothing towards the Panama tolls question is believed to have had the most important bearing on why Great Britain has refused to participate in the exposition which is to celebrate the opening of the Canal. That the Bryan regime has not even gone so far as to suggest selecting an ambassador to Russia as the first step towards framing a new treaty of amity and commerce with that nation is the most obvious reason

why the St. Petersburg government does not feel called upon to participate. Russia is now the only nation in the world with which our government has not such treaty relations.

CASTRO MAKES BRYAN A LAUGHING STOCK

Like-wise nobody will seek an opportunity to pin a medal on Secretary Bryan or his associates at the State Department for their bungling work which allowed former



HON. WM. B. WILSON
Secretary of Labor, who recently sought in vain to have Congress allow him \$5000 to purchase a motor car for his personal use.



JUAN VINCENTO GOMEZ
President of Venezuela, against whose government Ex-president Castro started a formidable rebellion. Gomez proclaimed himself dictator and sent an army to fight Castro.

President Cipriano Castro to slip back into Venezuela after five years of exile. On the very day our "underpaid" Secretary of State was delighting an Indiana Chautauqua audience Castro, who had been attending strictly to business, started a revolutionary expedition which took the State Department by complete surprise. It was the first news those officials had that the troublesome little man, whom former Secretary of State Knox never allowed to be lost sight of, was not living quietly in the Canary Islands. Our embassy

in Venezuela was in charge of a clerk and not one of our warships was anywhere near. The revolution which resulted in Castro's deposition and exile had the moral support of the United States, the displeasure of this government having been caused by the violence of Castro's dictatorship and his repeated defiance of his international obligations as construed at Washington. The administration here took it upon itself, after Castro fled his country, to keep him from returning to it, and throwing Venezuela into the throes of another civil war.

FACTS FOR FUTURE CITIZENS

Representative Tom Stout of Montana has introduced a bill the purpose of which is to bring about a greater distribution of the aliens which crowd our shores every year. The bill calls for an appropriation of \$100,000, which is to be used by the commissioner general of immigration in gathering from all available sources useful information regarding the resources, products and physical characteristics of each state and territory. This information is to be published in different languages and distributed

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In the World of Womankind

By KATE UPSON CLARK

EDITOR'S NOTE—This department will be devoted to the use and the profit, and especially to the pleasure, of girls,—all kinds of girls, rich and poor, plain and pretty, gay and grave, wise and otherwise,—and they are invited to read it, contribute to it and comment upon it, approving or disapproving as they see fit. Their letters will always be carefully read and considered. They can reach Mrs. Clark quickly by addressing her care of Women's Department, Leslie's Weekly, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

A HATEFUL OLD BACHELOR

We will call him Mr. Spite Frost. He thinks girls and women know nothing. He told me this story himself. After considerable hesitation, I have decided to tell it to you girls. It will make you "mad," of course. It made my blood boil. But since he says it is true, perhaps it really ought to be told.

He actually dares to say that he thinks anything beyond making cookies, dusting parlors and bathing infants is too much for our sex! He goes even further. He says that the college women that he knows are the least clever of their kind. This shows, he says, that "the harder you try to cultivate them, the poorer the product,—just as poor metal shows out more and more, the finer the tool you try to make with it." What do you think of that!

"Now take the girl who tries to run a motor-car," he suggests casually (as though it were only one of a thousand available illustrations); "there may be one here or there who can do it, but I have never seen her. In the first place, girls have no nerve in an emergency. In the second, they don't understand dynamics, and they know nothing of engines and machinery, or of electricity. And yet they will undertake to run a powerful, six-cylinder car,—run it out into the country, where they are helpless in case of a breakdown." Let me tell you a little story:

"Four or five years ago, I was invited out to play tennis in one of our fine suburbs. After the game,—we won't discuss the girl's tennis-playing,—girls were never made to play tennis—she proposed to take me out in her automobile, and I just had to go. I begged to drive, but, no,—she preferred to drive, she 'drove every day.' 'Papa said she could drive as well as he could.' She talked too much. They all do. I squirmed when we went around the corners on one wheel, and especially when I saw that she did not

really know the difference between her clutch and her brake, but I tried to keep calm.

"As we were bowling along at a good rate beside a trolley-car, a car ahead of us stopped to let off a passenger. It was an elderly woman, and she proceeded to cross the street just in front of us. My hands burned to grasp the brake,—for what did this girl do but go for her clutch again,—then give a shriek, finally make for her brake and stop just in time to hit the woman and roll her over and over in the road. I jumped out and picked her up,—all the people in the trolley-car gaping, of course. She thought she wasn't much hurt,—only shocked. If I would sit with her on the curb a few minutes, she thought she could walk.

"The girl in the machine had tumbled into a heap on her seat. I was afraid she had fainted dead away, but the other one seemed to need me the most, so I staid by her. In about ten minutes, she said that if I would give her my arm she thought she could walk to her home, which was near by. She wouldn't blame us, she said. She ought to have waited and let us pass, especially when she saw 'a girl at the wheel.'

"When I had put her safely into her house, I went back to my chauffeur. She was pretty nearly in a state of collapse, but she could talk. She was ready now to let me drive, and we had a fine ride home. I intimated to her that a course of practical lessons (in workman's clothes) wouldn't come amiss to her. But all the same it was head that she lacked. All the lessons in the world can't give a girl presence of mind. I could tell you a dozen incidents like this.

"One day I was asked out into another suburb by a certain Miss E. 'to go riding with her in her car.' Six of us made up a house-party, and they did treat us royally, but you will never know who they are, so I can tell you

this story without any breach of propriety, and merely as 'literature.' She was going to drive, of course. I was to sit beside her. Two girls, and a fellow who owned a great French machine, but had never touched an automobile in his life except to ride in it, sat on the back seat.

"Miss E. was another of these insatiable talkers and she rattled on every minute until we reached a grove that she was going to show us. I had said to her two or three times, 'Isn't there a queer sound about your engine?' And once I made her stop and listen,—but she insisted that it wasn't anything,—she had often heard it make that sound. So the fun went merrily on.

"When we began to think of starting homeward, I went to crank her engine for her, but the thing wouldn't turn. 'I was afraid of this,' I said. 'There was something the matter with your engine. Your bearings have set.'

"'Bearings have set!' she cried. 'I never heard of such a thing.'

"I explained the matter to her, and asked casually, 'You don't happen to have such a thing in your car as a pair of overalls, do you?'

"'Mercy, no!'

"Well, I had on a new seventy-five-dollar suit, and the job of fixing the thing was one of the very dirtiest there is,—so, though I knew perfectly well how to limber it, I didn't brag of my knowledge. I suggested that the only thing to do appeared to be to telephone to the nearest garage.

"It was about six o'clock when we discovered our plight. It was after midnight when we reached home. We had managed by that time to lure an automobile out there to tow us in, but the fool chauffeur—" (Observe that this silly creature was not a woman!)—"had not brought any rope with him. The nearest livery stable was in the charge of a man who had seen soberer days, and who was in just

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The Remarkable King of Montenegro

By HARDWICK GORE

NIKITA PETROVITCH, King of Montenegro—truly a wonderful man! The world knows him as a courageous monarch with a penchant for lyrics—a modern King Alfred, if one could imagine Nicholas so forgetful as to allow the Montenegrin cakes to burn. That is the general impression of his Majesty of the Black Mountain. People do not seem quite to have realized that in reality King Nicholas is far and away the most remarkable of the world's crowned heads and one of the most arresting personalities in Europe.

Who is this ruler of a handful of people—some 250,000 souls—whose dominions are about twice the size of Long Island; who was able for long days to keep the whole of Europe on the sharp edge of apprehension; who, unmoved, has seen gathered round him two million of the world's best fighting men armed to the teeth and waiting to fly at one another's throats? Less than a year ago, not only to Americans but also to most Europeans, he was no more than a name—a patriarchal prince who held benignant sway over a comic opera State. And now his name is in the mouth of everyone; albeit few people still really know anything of his extraordinary personality. Here and there as you travel through the capitals of Europe you meet men who are fully acquainted with the ways of Nikita Petrovitch—and who marvel at him.

The truth must be told. While Europe has been going into ecstasies of admiration for the leader of the gallant little state of Montenegro which first went out to give battle to the Unholy Turk, while, in open defiance of the wishes of the matter-of-fact Great Powers, he was battering the forts of Scutari, while sentimental Europeans were calling aloud for the cause of the warrior-bard, Nicholas was quietly "playing the market." What exactly his profits are, or whether the poet in him caused him to lose what was a winning market game, only his passbook can show. Some say that he finished several million dollars to the good; others that he was too late in rushing to cover, and was so much "out" on balance that when the last April settlement came round in Vienna he had to beg his bankers to give him a few days' grace in which to meet his obligations. But whichever of these two versions is the correct one, certain it is that during the past few months the king has been as deeply engrossed in market tactics as in military strategy.

It is easy to bluff the Concert of Europe; it is easier still to throw dust into the eyes of the credulous peoples of Europe. If anyone is inclined to doubt this, let him call at the little two-story villa in Cetinje which gives shelter to the hefty physique and busy brain of Nikita Petrovitch and ask his Majesty. If he spoke his mind the answer would be convincing. When on October 8 last Nicholas unleashed the dogs of war in the Balkan Peninsula, it was generally believed that he was acting at the instigation of either his son-in-law, the King of Italy, or of the Czar of Bulgaria. Error! Nicholas hastened to open hostilities for purely personal reasons which had little to do with the domestic policy of Montenegro and still less with the Balkan League. The truth is that the old Lion of the Black Mountain had for some years previously been suffering from serious financial embarrassment. Years since, when the Czar Alexander, in an unguarded moment, described him as the "only friend of Russia," he went a suppliant to the Court of St. Petersburg begging for bread.

"Alas! sire," he said, "I have no money, yet I have six daughters—to say nothing of three sons—and I must marry them off. How is it to be done, for I can give them no dowry?"

The plea touched the generous heart of Alexander and he promised to give each of Nicholas's daughters a dowry of a million roubles on their marriage. Several of the Montenegrin princesses found husbands, but somehow the king's sons-in-law never received the promised dowry. What had Nicholas done with the Russian roubles?



KING NICHOLAS
Of Montenegro, one of the most picturesque of monarchs.

One day a great Austrian bank at Trieste went into the hands of receivers. The books were examined and showed that the sovereign of Montenegro was the bank's principal creditor! Of course the king lost heavily by this unlucky episode, but it did not cure him of his bad attack of gambling fever. Not many months before he started the Balkan War he prevailed upon a group of Austrian financiers to open a credit bank in Cetinje. At first all went well. The trusting mountain people to whom it was proposed to lend money on good security welcomed the king's initiative with enthusiasm and gratitude. Depositors flocked to the bank from the furthest confines of the kingdom—it was only a few hours' journey on a mule's back at that—and the feeling of contentment which a sense of financial security brings spread through the land. But

it was of short duration. The ratio of the gold reserve to liabilities somehow shrank to vanishing-point. Soon there was not only no money to lend, but also depositors with pressing liabilities to meet had fair words passed across the counter but no coin. Nicholas had made another bad break!

Exactly how he got hopelessly involved on this occasion and how he managed to extricate himself and still keep his crown is his own secret. It was certainly a ticklish moment for his Majesty, for, loyal as a people may be, it does not like to be involved in the speculative losses of its ruler, and for weeks the dark cloud of revolution hung menacingly over the state of Montenegro. Nicholas managed to tide over his difficulties, but where he obtained his money is still a mystery. Certainly not in Vienna, for there he had exhausted his credit; and in St. Petersburg, too, he was given the cold shoulder. Austria, as a matter of fact, had found it advisable to stop the exchange of money orders with Montenegro owing to the fact that for years those sent to individuals in the little kingdom were mysteriously "lost." There was only one certain way to stop the leakage, and the Dual Monarchy did not hesitate to take it.

Perhaps the King's precipitation in embarking upon the war with Turkey had something to do with the matter of the Cetinje bank. It is now common knowledge in European financial circles that last Fall the king sent the crown prince to Paris to raise money. To begin with Danilo addressed himself to the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, and went away with a high opinion of his kinsman's amiability, but a poor notion of his generosity. However, there were other sources to be tapped. Danilo assembled together some of the leading French bankers and tried to make a bargain. For two million dollars, he said, his august father would begin the threatened Balkan war and in exchange for the money advanced would give the bankers three days' notice of the date of the opening of hostilities, so that they might take the cream off the world's markets. The offer was tempting; but aside from the fact that there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, the bankers approached by the crown prince came to the conclusion that they would eventually lose on the transaction through sacrifice of reputation; and the offer was declined.

Not yet thoroughly discouraged, Danilo next consulted a syndicate of bankers who could better afford to risk the loss of reputation. And this time he struck oil, although he returned to Cetinje with half a million dollars and a promise of 50 per cent. on all profits, instead of with two millions cash. The king thereupon held a small family council attended only by himself, the crown prince and the youngest of his daughters, who acts as his secretary and who is said to be endowed with intelligence far beyond the ordinary. The upshot of the Council of Three was that immediate war was decided upon, although the Czar of Bulgaria would have preferred to wait a week or so longer. The general opinion is that the Paris syndicate had no cause to regret their bargain with Nicholas, and it is known that during those anxious days the king himself was having a fairly broad and deep "cut" in the bourses of Europe. And he may have argued that the welfare of his people and the security of his own throne absolved him

(Continued on page 187.)

Railroad President's Surprising Figures

By JOHN DUFFY

EDITOR'S NOTE:—A man who has had many years of successful experience in operating great railroads, and who also possesses the gifts of lucid analysis and logical and convincing expression, should be regarded as one of the highest possible authorities on railroad questions. The subject of this article, Mr. Howard Elliott, since 1903 president of the Northern Pacific Railroad, is a man of that stamp. Long regarded as among the foremost railroad men of the land, now that he has been elected president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad he has become a more prominent figure than ever. Everybody is eager to know what he will do in his new position. The accompanying article records things which he has said and written that cast clear light on the manner of man the New York, New Haven & Hartford has selected for its president.

FOR the cost of a good milk pail a railroad will move a ton of freight 138 miles, declared a writer in *LESLIE'S* in the issue of April 3, of this year. The author was an acknowledged authority on the subject, his unique and homely illustration of the cheapness of cost of transportation by railroads in the United States attracted attention to him, and many a reader felt a quickening interest in the man who argued so intelligently and carried so much conviction with his words. The name signed to the article was Howard Elliott, and it was explained that Mr. Elliott was the president of the Northern Pacific Railway.

To those who knew Mr. Elliott by name or reputation he was recognized as one of the foremost railroad men of the country, a power in the Northwest. But that was all. To-day he stands in the limelight of the nation's interest. That he will stand there for years to come is certain. September 1, however, the day he takes possession of an office to which he has only recently been elected, undoubtedly will mark the zenith of national scrutiny for this new ruler of an industrial empire. That day he assumes control of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad as its president, and sets about one of the most difficult tasks ever assigned to man.

"What will he do with the New Haven?" is an important inquiry these days among the down-easters who depend upon it or some branch of the big system for the greater part of their transportation, just as it is in Wall street or wherever there are men interested in the buying and selling of stocks. "Will he rejuvenate it?" they all

ask. "Will he make it a better railroad and a better dividend paying property?"

The calm, determined young man, for one is still young so far as railroad presidents go when one is not yet 53 is making no answers. He plans to let the results speak for themselves and he is perfectly willing that those who ask now shall be allowed to draw their own conclusions later. He is ready to stand or fall by the fruit of his labors. Beyond declaring he will be the president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad in deed as well as in name, there has been little from Mr. Elliott.

But Mr. Elliott has said and written many things which shed illuminating rays of light upon the manner of man he is. He has been often in demand as a speaker at gatherings of business men. His writings have found ready publication in the magazines. Many of the things Mr. Elliott has said and written may have temporarily escaped the public, but now they are of more value than ever—in view of the national prominence he has assumed. Out of his writings and speeches, a paragraph from the article written for *LESLIE'S*, "How the Railroads Help the Farmer," referred to in the beginning, is illuminating. In it was the comparison of freight rates and the milk pail. Mr. Elliott was contending present freight rates are ridiculously low. He said:

"The present freight rate is very small. How small it is can be better understood when one realizes that for '25 cents, what it costs according to the United States Department of Agriculture for the farmer to move a 'one-ton load by wagon one mile, the Northern Pacific

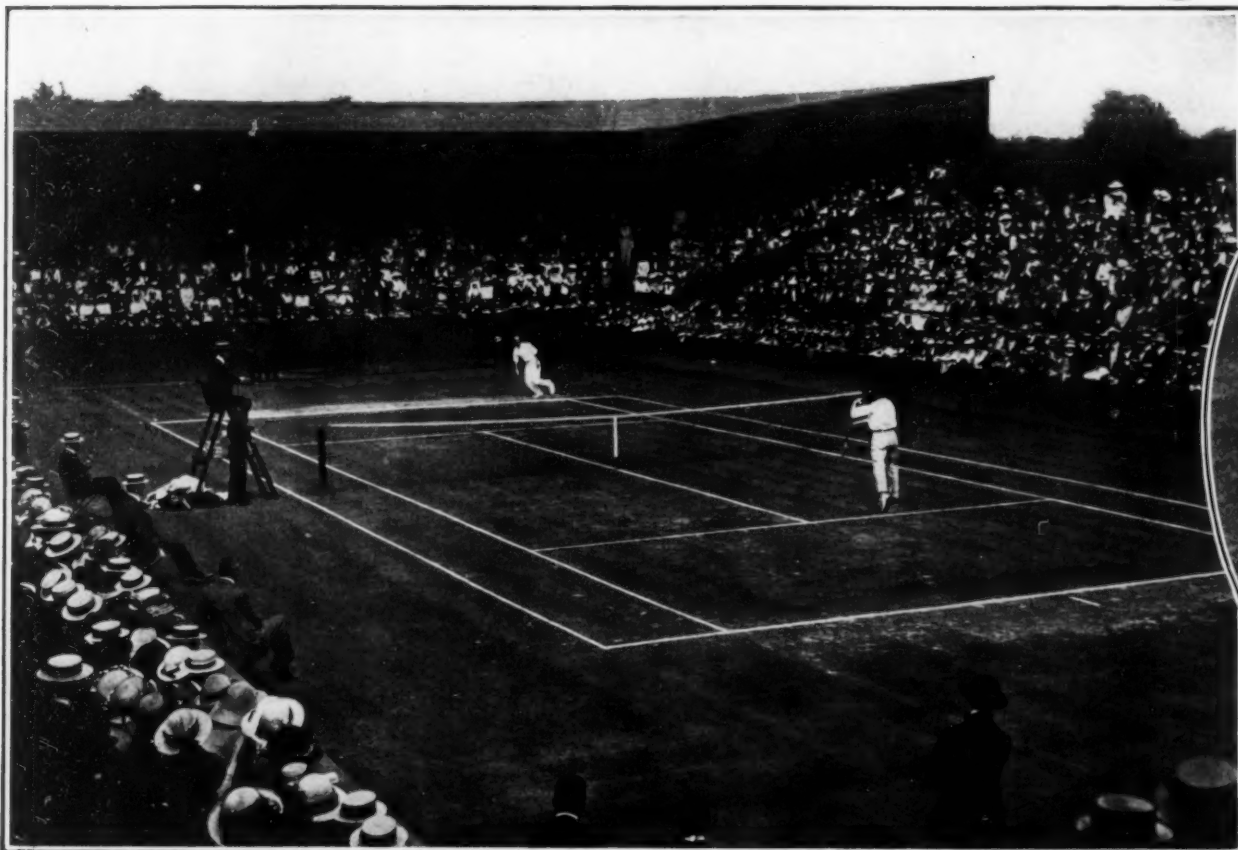
"Railway, at its average rate last year, will move the one-ton load 27.2 miles. For the cost of a two-cent postage stamp it will move a ton about two and a quarter miles. For the cost of ten pounds of ten-penny nails it will move a ton 44 miles; for the price of a No. 2 Ames shovel, 166 miles; for the money it takes to buy a good 'milk pail, 138 miles; and for the price of an ordinary lantern globe, 16 miles."

The figures Mr. Elliott worked out in this article show the analytical mind of the man. In studying any problem put before him he gets down to bed-rock and works out every detail with mathematical nicety. Listen to what he said in an address at Helena, Mont., at the Montana State Fair, in September, 1910, showing the absolute dependence of more than one-fifth of the people of the nation upon railroad prosperity: He asked:

"Now, who is the owner of this enormous and complicated piece of machinery built up in the last fifty years? The best figures obtainable as to the number of stockholders of our railroads show 440,000, and while the number of bondholders cannot be determined with the same accuracy, information about a few roads indicated that the number of bondholders exceeds the number of stockholders, and that 1,000,000 is not an unfair figure to represent those holding railway securities. The average for each owner of railway property in this country is \$13,600. Of course, some individuals hold more than this, and very many hold much less, but the statement that railways are owned and controlled by a very few rich men is not correct. These 1,000,000 owners represent at least 4,000,000 people in the United States whose daily bread and butter depends more or less on the success or failure of the railways. In addition to the 1,525,000 employees working directly for the railways, there are 2,500,000 in coal mines, steel mills, manufacturing plants, all supplying what is necessary for the railways in their operations, who represent at least 10,000,000 of our total population. So the railway employees and the employees of the industries dependent more or less upon its maintenance on a sound basis represent approximately 16,000,000 people whose rights must be considered."

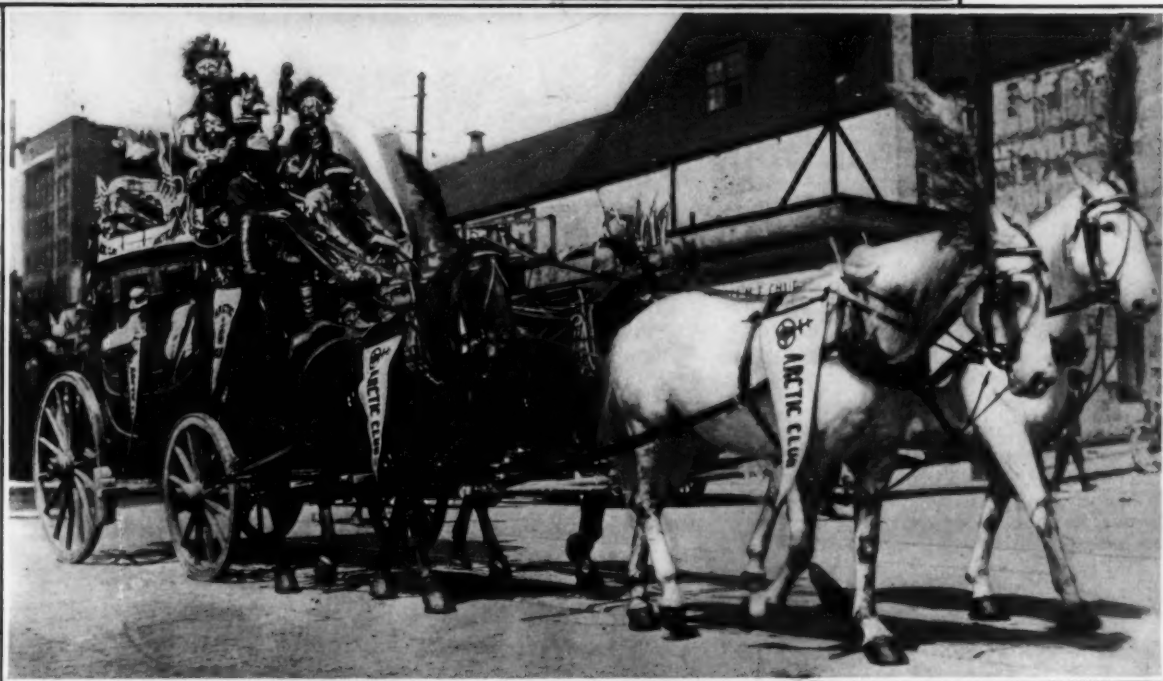
(Continued on page 187)

Pictorial Digest of



A MEMORABLE EVENT IN THE TENNIS WORLD

Maurice McLoughlin playing a match in singles with Parke, the British expert, at the International Contest at Wimbledon, England, for the Dwight E. Davis trophy. McLoughlin lost this game to Parke, but he won the concluding match with Dixon which gave America the Davis cup once more. McLoughlin is seen at the nearer end of the court. His playing was wonderfully energetic and brilliant, and he was applauded by a large crowd of spectators, which included many of the notabilities of England, among them some members of the royal family. Players from seven nations took part in different stages of this world match. By taking the final from Dixon, McLoughlin, who is the American champion, became also the world's champion.



A WOMAN CRICKET

Miss Jenkinson, who is prominent of the game, in a classic pose while batting Ladies' Cricket match at England.



A GREAT PEACEFUL WOMAN SUFFRAGE DEMONSTRATION IN ENGLAND

Nottingham contingent of the recent immense gathering of non-militant workers for woman's enfranchisement arriving at Hyde Park, London. This was but one of many similar bodies of women from all parts of the British Isles who marched to the metropolis. All along their routes, the marchers were welcomed and treated with utmost respect. Not a single untoward incident occurred, and when the 80,000 suffragists assembled in Hyde Park, their speakers were listened to quietly and without interruption. This was in marked contrast with the boisterous manner in which crowds have behaved at recent meetings of the militant wing of the suffrage army. The leaders of the peaceful wing deplore the militant outrages.

HISTORIC RELIC IN A PACIFIC COAST CARNIVAL

The "Tyee" and "Royal family" of the Golden Potlatch, recently held in Seattle, Wash., driving through the streets in an ancient Wells-Fargo stage coach. This relic was sent from San Francisco to Seattle for exhibition purposes. The vehicle was shipped around the Horn from the East in 1849 and operated between Placerville, Cal., and Virginia City and Reno, Nev., from 1850 to 1860. The coach was made famous in a number of stories by Mark Twain, who was then editor of the Virginia City Enterprise. The sides of the vehicle are riddled with bullet holes, evidence of the strenuous times through which it passed.



THOUSANDS JOIN IN BILE

Women preparing 1,000 gallons of burgoo for the feast of the Order of Moose who recently celebrated the 40th anniversary of the order. The feast was held at the Order of Moose lodge, and 10,000 pounds of beef were consumed. The order has all parts of the United States and Canada. The order has 338,551 members, and a membership of 338,551. It is paid, \$3,000,000. Ralph W. E. Donjes of Golden, N.

of the World's News



CRICKET EXPERT
The man in the picture is a noted expert of the game, in a characteristic pose while batting during the cricket match at Cheswick, England.



GIRL DEVOTEES OF OUR NATIONAL GAME

Members of the All-Girl Baseball Team of Allentown, N. J. They belong to prominent New York families summering at Allentown and they are decidedly expert in the game. They attire themselves in costumes suitable for active work in the field, and they recently played a lively match with a team composed entirely of young men. Left to right—Misses Adelaide Reynolds, third base; Bessie Walters, first base; Nana Reynolds, short stop; Mona McCarthy, catcher; May Singh, center field; Catherine Ughatta, pitcher; Lucia Towle (at extreme right), left field.



"SUNSHINE"
A beautiful figure which will be a joy to the entrance way to the Court of the Four Seasons at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco.



THE EXCITING PASTIME OF MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

A party of tourists mountaineering on the summit of Mt. Baker, State of Washington. People from all over the world are going, in yearly increasing numbers, to Seattle and Tacoma, Wash., to don bloomers, take alpenstocks and hike to the snow clad peaks of that region. Of these Mt. Ranier (or Tacoma) and Mt. Baker are among the most popular. The region of perpetual snow is approached by automobiles, but from that point travelers proceed on foot. No serious accidents have yet occurred on these excursions, though recently two young women got lost in the snow and were found by rescuers in an exhausted condition.



JOIN IN GUILD AND WELCOME
A banquet for the feast given to 20,000 members of the Loyal Order of the Moose at the Cincinnati. Beef were served at the barbecue. Members came from Canada. The order was founded in 1888. It has 1155 subordinates, 38,551. It is paid, since organization, benefits aggregating \$1,000,000. The dictator of the order.



EDUCATION IN THE SWIMMING TANK

Instructing poor children in the public baths at New York to take care of themselves in the water. Children are shown hanging on ropes in 2½ feet of water, practicing the leg movement and the breast stroke. There are 30 of these baths open during the summer, and three days in the week they receive girls and women exclusively, to the number of nearly 2,000 per day. Competent instructors of their own sex teach these girls and women how to swim, and many of the pupils have become first-class swimmers. The popular impression is that it is hard to learn to swim, but one of the instructors says that many girls and women acquire the art in a single lesson, and many more have caught the trick in two or three lessons.



EUGENE ZIMMERMAN
The noted cartoonist, "ZIM"

The Old Fan Says

By Ed A. Goewey ♦ Illustrated by ZIM



ED A. GOEWY
"The Old Fan"

"ANYTHING new?" inquired George, the czar of the tobacco emporium, as the Old Fan took his customary chair and signaled for an evening's supply of weeds.

"Yep, Plenty," answered the veteran sport, "but before I begin passing you facts and figures, I want to get a little baseball sermon out of my system. The other day I was one of a small gathering of hopeful fans at a ball game in which one half of the entertainment was supposed to be furnished by a team that has done miserably this season and in which the rooters who pay their money are certainly losing interest. I sat near the players' bench of this club and watched the conduct and faces of the men and their manager. The latter looked about as cheerful as a weeping willow on a wet day and the air of gloom and grouch that surrounded him seemed to communicate itself to his men. Some of them were sullen, others appeared frightened and throughout the entire game there was an absence of buoyance and good feeling.

"The way the team has been going was enough to bring wrinkles of care to the manager's brow, but what he expected to gain by keeping the members of his team on edge, was past me. If a manager is cheerful in the face of misfortune and jollies his boys along, he can get twice the usual labor out of them and will soon work up a feeling of good-fellowship that will bring about excellent team work. There is one more manager besides the one to whom I have referred who is trying to push his team to victory along the grouch route. To date both have failed and unless they alter their tactics they will wind up the season in miserable positions and with nothing on their hands but a couple of teams of disgruntled ball tossers. Let these dissatisfied managers give up their Simon Legree actions for a few weeks and see if there isn't a marked improvement in the work of the men they have been trying unsuccessfully to drive.

"Here is a little story told recently by Christy Mathewson and it may cast a side light on some inside baseball that will be interesting to the fans. 'One of the most serious things that can happen in a game of ball,' said the mighty twirler, 'is for the pitcher to "double cross" his catcher. It was not so very long ago that I did this to "Chief" Meyers. In fact, I have been guilty of that breach of baseball etiquette on several occasions but always unwittingly. Now here's the reason for my lapses: Meyers is naturally dark and when he becomes tanned, his skin is unusually so. When he puts his hand against his glove to give the signal for the kind of a pitch he wants, it is hard to tell whether he has one or two fingers extended. One finger might be the signal for a curve and two for a fast ball. After giving a signal the catcher, naturally, is looking for what he called, and if the twirler throws

something else, the backstop might easily be injured. This is the first time in my long career that the color of a catcher's hand played such an important part in baseball games. Every fan knows that the face of a backstop's glove becomes a dark brown, and when, in addition, the catcher's hand is tanned to an unusual degree, it is some job for the pitcher to tell the difference between one and two fingers.'

"Manager McGraw already is organizing the National League team that will make the tour of the world next winter, playing exhibition games with the Chicago White Sox. The team will be largely composed of members of the Giants, though Mac is negotiating for several other players from the parent organization whom he wants with his team. However, he will have to have the consent of the president of each club from which he wishes to secure men, and this part of the plan will require some time for completion. Among the regular Giants who have volunteered to make the tour are McGraw, Mathewson, Demaree, Wiltse, Fromme, Meyers, Hartley, Merkle, Doyle, Shafer, Grant, Burns, McCormick, Cooper and Trainer Mackall. McGraw, Mathewson, Wiltse, Meyers and Demaree will be accompanied by their wives.

"The other day I came across a rabid fan who wanted to bet, and give odds, that the Giants would win the National League pennant this year, but that they would lose out in 1914. Now that looks like a foolish bet at first glance, but the rooter had been studying the dope on past performances in the records and the newspapers and he felt that he was ready to make a sure thing wager. This is the way he worked the proposition out. Based on the figures of what happened in the past in the big leagues, three years of consecutive victories appears to be the limit of any one club. Knowing that the McGraw outfit had won the bunting in 1911 and 1912, and figuring that they are practically sure of capturing it again this season, he felt that they would be unable to shatter all precedent and run up a string of four consecutive league championships.

"You no doubt remember that the Boston team won the flag in 1891, 1892 and 1893 and then took a tumble. Next came the Baltimore club with a team of stars that are still the talk of the baseball world. The Orioles won in 1894, 1895 and 1896 and then it was a case of 'all over' with them. Passing along then to 1901 we strike Fred Clarke's Pirates, a wonderful baseball machine that spread terror throughout the National League. The Pittsburghs won three pennants hand running in 1901, 1902 and 1903 and then quit their work of grabbing flags.

"The year 1906 saw Peerless Leader Frank Chance step into the limelight with the Cub machine that bowled over all rivals so easily that the fans hailed the team as a positive marvel and figured that it was good for four or five rags at least. Well, you know what happened. The Cubs won their pennants in 1906, 1907 and 1908, and then up jumped the rejuvenated Pirates, and took the 1909 honors. Chance and his boys came back and took the flag in 1901, but that was too late to let Chicago have the honor of breaking the three-run limit. If the Giants win this year, and all of the betting appears to be that they will, it is not probable that they will be able to down the husky and hoary hoodoo and enlarge their list of consecutive years of victory into a quartet. Anything is possible in baseball, of course, but the chances and precedent are against them.

"Now let us move over and take a flash at what has occurred along this line in the American League. Hughey Jennings and his speedy Tigers won flags in 1907, 1908 and 1909, but they couldn't stand the pace in 1910. That

was the year that Connie Mack and his cohorts hustled to the front and snatched the glory. Again, in 1911, the Athletics proved to be the leaders, but they broke their string last season when the Red Sox took the flag from them. The Mack forces will no doubt be victorious this year, but it will only mean that they are starting to build a new record that may run into four or more straight championships and may not, with the accent on the latter proposition. It will be up to the New York club next year to show the fans whether they can make good where the Bostons, Baltimores, Cubs, Tigers and Athletics failed. McGraw has a good team with a lot of players who have not, as yet, started on the down



He takes no chance

"Yours truly has never been accused of being overly fond of a certain class of umpires, particularly some of the able-bodied guessers who owe their jobs to President Lynch, of the National League, but he does believe that all indicator holders should be protected on the diamond and if assaulted by players, the latter should be so severely punished that that particular form of entertainment would speedily become unpopular in our National pastime. One of the umpires in the Federal League is now suing Jack O'Connor and the club owners for about \$30,000, charging that the Browns' former captain struck him the face, thereby wounding his feelings and other things. Of course there isn't a chance in the world that he will recover that amount from this organization, but it is to be hoped that the courts will see that the men responsible for the affairs of this league are compelled to pay him a pretty good sum. Once let the magnates of any league be forced to part with real money because of the misconduct on the diamond of some of the men working under them and the individuals who were so handy with their fists would be chased to the tall timbers in short order.

"Max Carey, the speedy outfielder of the Pirates, in a recent game between the Quakers and the Pittsburghs on the grounds of the latter, accomplished a feat that is believed to be a record in baseball. He scored five runs without making a single hit. His first trip to the initial sack was the result of a bad fumble by Knabe, and the other four times he went to bat he drew bases on balls. He also added to his day's record by stealing four bases and was advanced twice on wild pitches.

"Pitcher Joe Boehling, of the Senators, continues to be one of the present season's greatest sensations. He has already broken several records, and before the chill October winds begin to blow across the diamonds, he may ring up a few more. Stories of the big game fail to reveal the equal of the nineteen-year-old twirling wonder, for, in addition to being one of the greatest little flingers in the game, he is hitting with the best stickers in the business, something mighty unusual in a pitcher. Just about two years ago Boehling was twirling with pretty fair success for a semi-pro team in Richmond, Va. At that time no one outside of his home town knew anything about him. Then he was sent to Washington to pitch in an exhibition game, and a newspaper sport writer was so impressed with his performance that he recommended him to Clark Griffith. The Washington manager had been fooled on previous occasions by signing 'finds' that obliging friends had wished upon him, and he declined to enthrone over the newest marvel. Nevertheless he slipped down to Richmond later in the season and signed him for the following year, after witnessing his work in a couple of games.

"At the beginning of his baseball career with the Senators Boehling didn't give much indication of what he has been doing in 1913, as he was particularly wild and his work lacked finish. Griff sent him to the Chattanooga club for seasoning, but he failed to satisfy the moguls of that outfit, and was soon returned to Washington. His next jump was to the Worcester team, where he received the able schooling of your old friend Jesse Burkett. And there the lad began to come into his own, for he won fourteen and lost but eight games. Last September he rejoined the Senators and was given a permanent berth. This year the boy, master of a wonderful assortment of curves and displaying splendid control, has mowed down the batters opposed to him with, at times, even more cleverness than his wonderful side-partner, Walter Johnson. Several of the best batsmen in the American League gave various and widely differing reasons for his continued success, but they didn't appear to improve in their hitting when they had to face him. When he went to Detroit the players declared that he had nothing uncommon except a streak of luck. In the game that followed they were able to reach him for but six hits.

"However Catcher Henry, who has played a considerable part in making Boehling's pitching successful, says that the secret is that the southpaw has a marvelous change of pace. To quote Henry, here is the answer to the biggest riddle of the season: 'Boehling can shoot his fast ones over with the same effectiveness as he uses his slow ball. He uses his fast one the most, for he has found that a majority of batters have trouble in connecting with it. His quick breaking curve is very deceptive and he has the nerve to hold himself steady when things are going against him. He is just as calm in a tight situation as when his team has a fat lead.'

"And best of all, from the viewpoint of Clark Griffith, this great 'kid' twirler with years of good work to come, didn't cost the Washington club one penny. It was a long shot that is certainly paying great returns."



Hard work for him



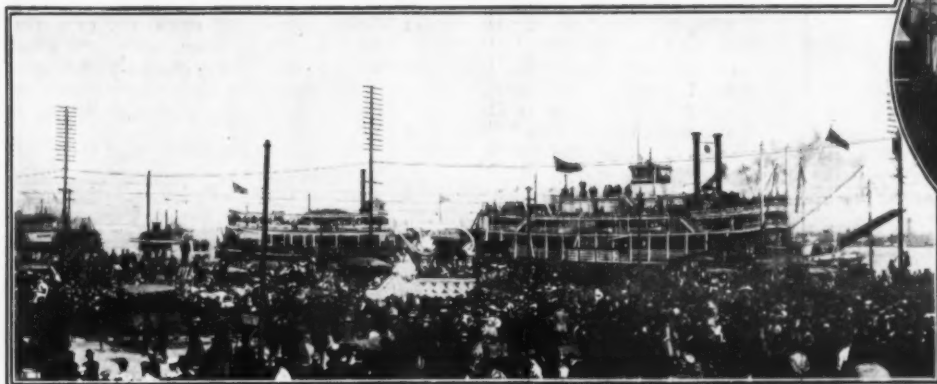
Stuck in the mud



He must continue to steer carefully

Our Wonderful Carnivals of Nations

By WILLIAM BUCKEY



THE SOUTH'S GREATEST PAGEANT

The Mardi Gras of New Orleans is a survival of old French customs, and is an annual reminder of "The Louisiana Purchase;" it commemorates many historical events of early and modern history of the Gulf City.

THE key which unlocks the thought of this little story is that there is an inclination to emphasize overmuch, events, traditions and folklore which portray features of civilization near at hand, and to underestimate like conditions far from home.

Thus it is that Thanksgiving Day, for example, though properly belonging in a class of local holidays, receives a national tribute, while the commemoration of the fall of the Alamo, one of the most tragic events in American history, receives no national tribute whatever. Yet, in the empire-state of Texas, the history of the Alamo, that mausoleum of the bravest men who ever lived, is valued far more highly than the memory of Thanksgiving Day.

The Golden Potlatch, a carnival fête by which the people of the Northwestern Pacific Coast states celebrate the discovery of gold in Alaska, is to them an event of greater importance than the anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg, because it symbolizes an event modifying their immediate environment and local life.

Like the quaint Mardi Gras of the South, the Golden Potlatch neither commemorates a slaughter of mankind nor the birth of a statesman, but recalls by the festival program each year enacted in the city of Seattle, the historic occurrence which took place when the steamship *Portland* warped into dock on the Seattle waterfront, 1898, and the first shipment of gold treasure from the Klondike region was unloaded.

Organized as a fête of the Northwest three years ago, the Golden Potlatch has now become one of the most interesting carnivals celebrated in the United States. It was celebrated this year July 17-21, and during the three days of carnival enjoyment the same scenes which marked the arrival of the *Portland* again were enacted. Once more a shipment of gold was unloaded at what is now one of the finest waterfronts in the world and again a Wells-Fargo express wagon, guarded with armed messengers, was driven up the main thoroughfares of the metropolis of the Northwest.

The story of the Totem pole—how the Indians of the Northland, in days of long ago, contributed their wealth to their tribes in the form of totem poles—again will be told by marching squads symbolizing the gaudy and hideously-painted war poles of the Indians. Only today, what then was a primeval forest smiling down on the silent waters of beautiful Puget Sound, has become a city of skyscrapers, of splendid achievements and greater hopes. The Golden Potlatch is of historical value therefore, because it symbolizes an event which has changed the history of the Northwest.

And now, far away from the weird scenes of the Golden



A BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL IN MONTANA

Some cities, like Bozeman, Montana, yearly hold a festival to celebrate their settlement, just as children have birthday parties.



ONE OF THE BIG PACIFIC COAST CARNIVALS

California, Oregon and Washington cities are noted for their yearly festivals. Prominent among these are the Rose Carnivals of Pasadena, Portland and other cities; thousands of roses contribute to the beauty of the display.

Potlatch, let be flashed the picture of the crumbling walls of the Alamo, in the heart of ancient and romantic San Antonio, one-time capital of the old Mexican province. It is a warm, springtime day, April 21st. About the plaza upon which stands the chapel where Travis and his Texans fell, flower-covered floats are passing in review before the three arms of the United States army, the division of that fortress which guards the Rio Grande (Fort Sam Houston) on the hills above the city. It is the Battle of Flowers, than which, to the writer's belief, there is no more beautiful pageantry to be seen on the continent of North America.

Again, it is a Southwestern panorama, the celebration of the independence of Mexico, held September 16th. In every city of the Southwestern borderland States the Mexican population is in full enjoyment of carnival merriment, crowding the parks, brightly illuminated with particular electric lights; for the descendants of Montezuma have learned from the poppy, which blossoms so freely in their land, to love the prime colors.

It is but a journey on the wings of the morning on a summer's day to that land where "summer's glow meets winter's snow," Colorado. Pioneer Day is being celebrated with fervor and the men and descendants of the men who wrested the Rockies away from the Indians and desperadoes are preserving with appropriate ceremonies, the folk-lore and traditions of those days.

And should one doubt the *raison d'être* of the fervor of Pioneer Day, let the eye glance over the age-yellowed "dodgers" which are preserved in the historical chambers

any stated date or interval of time; it is only when the fervor of the Californians reaches a degree of patriotic intensity that they demand a Portola celebration. Such a festival will take place next October and plans for it are now being completed.

Unique in that it commemorates no national event, is the pre-lenten carnival of the Southland, Mardi Gras, which reaches its apotheosis in the celebration held yearly in New Orleans. Rather is it a tradition of a more esthetic civilization which, like the perfumed air of the Gulf States, has lingered on adding its touch of Romanticism to the land of the sugar cane, the banjo and the cotton ball.

Climate has its effect on our traditions and festivals. While snow covers the States of the New England coast, and current literature features happy folk sleigh-riding, it is summer in San Diego and the "northerners" have not yet disturbed the balmy atmosphere of Texas.

Santa Claus, on his mythical sleigh, arriving fur-clad before a tall chimney, has no meaning to the children of the Northwest, of the South or the Southwest, who know no snow at Christmas time. Thus, under one flag, the many peoples of diverse sentiments and apposite traditions make merry with their own distinctive folk-lore celebrations, though through all the land, the birthdays of Washington, of the nation, and of the savior of the nation, are commemorated appropriately. Be it said truthfully likewise that throughout the Southland, February 12, the birthday of Lincoln, is celebrated with as much fervor as is that of the South's favorite child, General Robert E. Lee.

Unique Scheme of Road Building

GOOD roads are more essential to-day to the continued development and prosperity of the country than ever before. In colonial times the trail answered for awhile. Roads, railroads and electric lines followed, and finally a system of scientifically constructed roads made the more necessary by the era of the motor car and motor truck in which we now live. Senator Bourne, Chairman of the Joint Committee on Federal Aid in the Construction of Post Roads, has submitted to that committee what appears to be a broad, far sighted plan of road improvement. Its principal feature is the stimulation of the States to activity in road construction by utilization of the credit of the Federal Government.

The proposal calls for the creation of a United States Highway Fund through the sale of 3 per cent. Government bonds, payable 50 years from the date of issue. In apportioning this fund among the various states the following method will be used: the areas, population, assessed property valuation and road mileage of all the states having been ascertained, the percentage of the total of each of these four items possessed by each state will be computed, and on this basis the apportionment will be made. New York heads this apportionment list with \$78,600,000, Texas coming next with \$56,600,000, closely followed by Pennsylvania with \$56,500,000. At the bottom of the list stands Delaware with \$1,400,000, while next above is Rhode Island with \$3,900,000.

These amounts, to the extent of 20 per cent. in one year, will be paid to the states upon deposit with the Treasurer of the United States of the bonds of the states payable in 50 years and bearing interest at 4 per cent. The Federal Government will protect itself by refusing to accept the bonds of any state if the total amount of its bonds, including those issued for the purpose of road building, shall exceed 10 per cent. of the amount of the assessed valuation of all taxable property in such state.

The one per cent. difference between the interest the Federal Government will receive from the state bonds held by it and the interest it will pay on its own bonds will constitute a sinking fund. Each state will be credited with interest compounded annually at the rate of 3 per cent. on the sinking funds paid in, and if at the time of the maturity of the bonds deposited by any state, all interest payments have been made when due, the Treasurer of the United States will cancel the bonds and return them to the state issuing them. The advantage of this plan is that it enables the states to enjoy the superior credit of the Federal Government, and "at the same time," says Senator Bourne, "the Federal Government really assumes no consequential responsibility, as no state would default on its principal or interest charges if the total bonded indebtedness of the state did not exceed 10 per cent. of the assessed value of the property in the state."

The scheme as outlined provides also for the establish-

ment of a Federal school at Washington where experts in road and bridge building will be trained. The actual road building is to be done by the states, the Federal specialists co-operating with state specialists. This will prevent the possibility of centralization of power in the Federal Government, or the building up of a great Federal machine. The proposition covers a period of 50 years, calling for the expenditure of three billions of dollars, and would result, if the hearty co-operation of the states could be obtained, in the United States securing the best and most extensive system of highways in the world.

Personal Purity Courses

IN voting to give sex hygiene place in its high school curriculum, the Board of Education of Chicago makes a daring innovation. The course is to be styled "personal purity" instead of "sexual hygiene," a modification that will make the innovation slightly less objectionable to those over-nice people who would prefer not to have the subject mentioned at all. Instruction in personal purity is by all admitted to be a delicate question, but it is a vital and essential part of the training of every boy and girl, and no thought of the delicacy of the problem should be allowed to overshadow its universal importance. Since the course is experimental, the Board of Education has shown wisdom in not introducing it at the start below the high school.

For the Sake of Her Soul

(Continued from page 176)

"I don't know."
 "Nor talked of them?"
 "Not that I remember. I hadn't seen much of her lately."
 "Oh, you hadn't seen much of her lately?"
 "No, sir."
 "You've said you were her friend."
 "I was—once; but we'd been separated."
 "Quarrelled?"
 "No, just separated."
 "And yet it was you that she sent for when she was in trouble?"
 "Yes, sir. I don't know why."

The questioner meant no harm. He had merely got it into his head that the man in the case might have desired this suicide, even suggested it. He thought that Joe might be able, if she wished, to testify to that, and he surmised, out of the sort of imagination bred in men of his work, that Joe was shielding Nona's lover because she was to be Nona's successor in that lover's affections.

"Now, I don't want to hurt your feelings, Miss Meggs," he said; "but I must get at the truth. Did you or did you not know the man that was supplying this woman with money?"

"I had met him." Joe saw only that her own reputation was in danger; she spoke cautiously, but her very caution told against her.

"Haven't he made any advances to you?"
 "He'd never said anything."
 "Oh, I see. Given you any money?"
 "No, sir!" Her face was scarlet now.
 "Had you out to supper, perhaps?"
 "I had supper with him once, but Nona was along. I think that was the only time I ever saw him, except once when he came to the store with her."

There is nothing so unconvincing as the bare truth. The questioner smiled, the crowd, taking its cue from this, buzzed its incredulity. Geoffrey rose suddenly and elbowed his way out of the room and into the wintry street.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH

SECTION 1

He waited for her outside. He hated himself for waiting, but he waited. He didn't know what to think. His daily life was a round of usual duties and pleasures, and he knew what each detail of them meant; but all his relations with this girl had somehow been so extraordinary that, try as he would, he could not interpret their meaning. All his life he had hoped for the extraordinary. Now that he came upon it, he did not know how to accept it.

"Oh!" she said, when, her ordeal over, she saw him in the street. "It was good of you to be here! I needed a friend."

Her face was still flushed, her eyes wet with tears. Geoffrey's conscience stung him, but he could not rid himself of the impression that the scene at the inquest had created. They turned together up the street.

"What was the verdict?" he asked abruptly. He could not bring himself to look at her.

"Suicide." Her voice shook. "They said she was crazy. Poor Nona!"

"Poor Nona? She's safe out of it, anyhow. 'Poor you,' you mean."

"I know." She passed her hand across her face. "Wasn't it awful?"

"Well," he said bitterly, "unless you're one of them, you shouldn't have such friends." He frowned and tried to justify his attitude. "You see now that I'm not so different from most men. Most men think what I do."

"What do you think?" She turned quickly. Her big brown eyes searched his averted face. She could scarcely believe that he still thought ill of her. If he thought ill of her, why was he here? "What do you think?" she demanded.

He bit his lip. He was ashamed of himself, thoroughly ashamed, but he felt that he must know the truth about her. Lately he had been able to think of little else. It angered him that he should care. He had never cared to know the truth about the other girls of his acquaintance. Perhaps the truth about them seemed to him, rightly or wrongly, so obvious: they had always been to him either patently good or patently bad. But this girl— Well, perhaps it was only the doubt, the ever-persistent doubt, that drove him; perhaps it was the idea that he really was in danger of caring more about her than he wanted to care.

"I don't know what I think!" His voice was almost a cry of pain. There was none

of his old ease of manner about him now. His hand actually trembled as he raised it to his collar. "I don't know. That's it—and it's driving me mad!"

The frosty pavement swayed under her feet. "I know what you mean," she began: "you think—" She stopped. All the world thought it—all the world that was in the least aware of her existence, which, with the papers telling of her past friendship for Nona, and reporting her examination at to-day's inquest, meant all New York.

She had been clinging, in her mind, to Geoffrey. When she saw that he had come for her, she took that coming as a proof of his faith. She thought that here was one who, however he had doubted her in the past, now knew and sympathized and understood. And that was gone: that last floating spar of wreckage in the great ocean of distrust and despair! "I know what you think," she went on. "You don't guess that one way to make a girl bad is to think her bad, and you don't care. Well, have your own way." They had reached a corner, and she stopped short at it. "Have your own way; but don't want to see me again. If I'm to be good, I've got to be it without you or anybody else. I see that. And if I'm bad, I won't have to depend on you!"

Where that last phrase came from she could not tell. It was wholly unlike her, yet there it was, rushing from her lips. It amazed her. It reminded her of Nona, and she had a flashing instant of wondering whether she had not, in the brief recurrence of her intimacy with Nona, caught something of her friend's spirit, if she had not even always had something of it herself. But there was no time to think about that now: the very sound of her words swept her with them.

Boden was nearly as much amazed as was Joe. He looked at her with cheeks grown white.

"Do you mean that?" he asked.

"Of course I do!"

"I—I really want to be your friend, Joe."

"You haven't shown many signs of it."

"Perhaps not. No, you're right: I haven't shown them. But I wanted to be."

She was too angry to heed him.

"Which way are you going?" she demanded.

"I don't know. I shan't go back to my office to-day. I can't. I suppose I shall go to my rooms and think things over."

"That's not what I want to know. I want to know which direction you're walking in, so that I can walk in another."

He took her meaning, but he added to its literal acceptance something symbolic.

"I want you," he said suddenly, his blue eyes steady, "to go in the right direction."

"Not in yours?" she flashed back at him.

"Not the direction that used to be mine," he said.

"Well," she returned, "I'll go my own."

"And that will be?"

"The way I've been going."

She knew how he would interpret that, and he met her expectations. He raised his hat and turned away.

"Good-bye," said he.

SECTION 2

She had not gone far when she heard a hurried step behind her and a low voice calling her name.

"Joe!" said the voice. "Hey, Joe!"

It was the man that called himself Johnson, the man that had taken her to Mame Levitt's house, and that she had struck there.

Joe recoiled.

"What do you want?" she stammered. "Where did you come from? How do you dare speak to me?"

She expected some rough attack, but such attacks were not included in Mr. Johnson's rules of war. He smiled in what he took to be an ingratiating manner. He rubbed his thick hands together, and his black eyes narrowly appraised her.

"I want to talk with you," he said. "I was at the inquest. Why shouldn't I talk with you? I ain't got no grudge against you. You near croaked me, but that was because you was a fool. You must know better now."

When he raised his satin-lined hat, Joe had shudderingly observed a ragged red scar running across his forehead; otherwise he was unchanged from the sleek and sly young fellow that had taken her to dances. She wondered how she could ever

have trusted him, but she was not afraid.

"I won't have you talking to me in the street," she said.

"All right," said Johnson "let's go to a saloon and have a drink."

"I won't have you talking to me anywhere. I don't go to saloons. And I don't want ever to see you again."

"Aw, don't go on like that!" He rubbed his hands. "Where's the use?"

"Go away."

He did not go. He only fronted her and kept on smiling.

"I won't hurt you," he said.

"Go away!"

"Just a minute. I can't do you no harm. Just listen a minute." She moved on; he followed her; he kept close beside her.

"This inquest's done for you. Everybody's on to you; they all got your number. Why do you want to try and play against 'em all? You can't win out. You might as well see that first as last. You might as well have the good money along with the bad name."

There was a great lump in her throat, but there was still a splendid anger in her heart. Goodness was doing what you thought right, and doing it, not for any low motive, but only because you thought it right. Well, she was still certain as to what she thought right. What she thought right was just what all the world thought she had not done, and just what it was now combined to prevent her doing. To do it there could be no motive but the highest; all the baser and more comfortable motives pleaded for the other course. There was, therefore, no doubt in her mind.

"Is that all you have to say?" she asked.

"Well, there's a lot more, but—"

"But that's the sense of it all, the real meaning?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"Then go away."

"Aw, now, listen: I'll be good to you—I ain't so worse—and I'll put you next to an easy thing. Money." He rubbed his hands and smiled. "Swell clothes. A good time—"

She glanced ahead. She was near Mrs. Jerry's shop now.

"Go away!" she cried. "I hate you!"—and she ran to the store.

SECTION 3

The girls wanted to chatter with her concerning the inquest, for there were no customers about and Mrs. Jerry herself was in the repairing-room at the back of the shop, but Gwen drew her aside.

"Look here," said Gwen, chewing her customary cud, "you know I didn't get back home last night."

Joe was barely listening. She nodded.

"I know," she said.

"When I did get back this morning," pursued Gwen, "you'd started out. Well, the old woman"—by which term Gwen implied their landlady—"came down on me like a ton of coal. She's got on to my curves and wants to chuck me out."

Joe's heart sank.

"I can't afford that room alone," she said.

"I know that." Gwen paused for courage. "What's more, I paid up some of my bills to Mrs. Jerry a couple of weeks ago, so I haven't been givin' the old woman my share of the rent. Well, she'll pinch my trunk if I don't cough. I don't want to gouge you, Joe, but could you let me have that bit I put up for your rent when you was sick?"

Saving in Mrs. Jerry's employ was impossible, and Gwen knew it. She was merely taking a slim chance, but Joe's wages had been docked because of the absences from work required by the police investigations into Nona's death, and Gwen might as well have asked for a fortune.

"I can't do it," said Joe. She explained her case. "I'm awfully sorry and ashamed," she added. "There's all I've got." She took out her purse and pressed some small silver into Gwen's palm. "Use that, and then—"

Gwen took the money.

"Well," she said, "I'll have to touch Billy to-night."

"And you'll leave the room?"

"I've got to."

For a long second they looked at each other. A customer came in, and Gwen was called away.

SECTION 4

Joe stood for a time in front of one of the glass cases that lined the walls, and pretended to be looking at the gaudy dresses

there displayed. But she was not thinking of the dresses. She was thinking, or trying to think, of what she was to do. She owed Gwen money, and could not pay. She owed Mrs. Jerry more money, and could not pay that. She would be unable to keep the room after Gwen had left it—and always there, just at hand, lay the *One Way Out*.

"Miss Meggs!"

It was Mrs. Jerry that called the name. Once more there were no customers in the store, and the proprietress had stepped into the street to buy an evening paper. She held the paper in her hand.

"Yes, Mrs. Jerry," said Joe.

She advanced toward her employer, who had come to a stop in the center of the room. "Nice thing this is," said Mrs. Jerry. She flourished the paper.

"I—what is?" asked Joe, although she thought that she was well enough aware of the cause of the trouble.

"This that's in the paper. It's all about that inquest and what you said there."

"I had to answer their questions, Mrs. Jerry."

"Yes, but you didn't have to give my name; they've got my name in, too. They've got the name of the place where you work. You could have held your tongue about that."

Joe's name, age, address and place of employment had been among the first questions asked of her, the formal questions that opened her examination, and Joe had not even thought of evasion of the facts.

"Nice mess, I must say," said Mrs. Jerry, flopping the paper against her ample thigh. "You've put this place in all wrong, that's what you've done!" Ordinarily, she would not have objected to the newspaper notoriety alone, but that notoriety was the breaking-straw now added to Joe's recent absences from work and Joe's indebtedness. It was a pretext to begin on. "Fine friends you've got," said Mrs. Jerry.

Joe's cheeks warmed.

"She was one of your customers," she replied. "And," she heard herself adding, "she was no worse than most of your other customers."

It was the final indiscretion of overwrought nerves, but it served to drive Mrs. Jerry also to a final indiscretion. The employer drew herself up to her full height. Her face flamed. Her beak perceptibly descended toward the sharp point of her chin.

"Where's the money you owe me for them clothes?" she cried.

Joe saw too late what she had done.

"I—I haven't got it just now," she faltered. "You said I wasn't to pay it all at once."

"That's what you've been sayin' since I don't know when. Why haven't you got it? Don't I pay you regular? What do you do with all your money? Didn't I tell you a day or two ago that I'd have to have it soon?" She gave way to a moment of caution. "How much have you got?"

"I haven't anything."

Mrs. Jerry bent forward threateningly.

"Don't you try to string me," she bel-

lowed.

"I haven't." Joe drew back. "I haven't—I haven't a cent."

The other girls had been watching this encounter with a breathless mixture of fear, sorrow and delight. Now from their ranks red-haired Gwen stepped, her pasty jaws working on her gum, and in her outstretched hand the money that Joe had paid her.

"That's straight, Mrs. Jerry," she said. "Meggs is tellin' you the truth. She owed me a bit, and she gave me all she had. It ain't much, but here it is, if you want it—only don't be hard on her."

Mrs. Jerry seized the proffered money and cast a venomous eye upon the donor.

"You shut up!" she ordered. She fingered the silver. "And as for you"—she turned to Joe—"I won't have any back-talk from my girls. I won't have any sportin' girls workin' for me, neither. Get out! Get right out! You're fired. And take your bunch of chicken feed with you." She nearly flung the handful of silver at Joe. It was her way of softening, but no one, not even she herself at the moment, could be aware of it.

Her raging anger cowed even Gwen. Joe went to her locker and donned her hat and jacket amid an awed stillness. She walked past the glowering Mrs. Jerry, between two groups of open-mouthed clerks, and so went into the street, barely hearing her late em-

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For the Sake of Her Soul

(Continued from page 184)

ployer's parting cackle: "Oh, I guess she can look out for herself."

SECTION 5

It was already the early dusk of a day in December, and in many of the windows the lamps were being lighted. There had been a slight fall of snow during the afternoon, and the countless feet passing along the uncleared pavements had churned that which was once white into a dirty, oozing scum. The way was crowded with busy and preoccupied people—people that all looked to Joe to be comfortable and assured, while she was without comfort and hopeless—people that all seemed to be hurrying to some definite place where some definite work or definite love awaited them, while she was going nowhere, and was waited for, if by anything, only by the death of her body or the ruin of her ideals.

For a long time she was simply bewildered; the final rush of events had been too much for her, too rapid for her mind thoroughly to recognize and place them. Her steps instinctively turned, at first, in the direction of her lodging-house, but she could not bring herself to enter it; alone as she was in the street, she feared still more the loneliness of that hall-bedroom that could now be hers for so brief a period. She walked away, not reckoning her course.

Then, gradually, her brain began to work upon all that had happened and what it portended. Whither was she to go? Where was she to turn? What was she to do? She did not sob, for she was too keenly aware of the need of calm decision to abandon herself to the surrender that finds expression in tears; but the suffering was for that reason all the more keen, the pain all the more bitter.

Again, and more poignantly than ever, the old question revived: Was it worth while? An affirmative answer had seemed hard when she last made it; now it seemed supremely impossible. She had relied upon the solace of work, but she now faced starvation; she had depended upon that well of divine comfort which she believed a divine power had placed within her, but now the well seemed dry. She had made a good fight and lost it; there could be no shame in one friendless girl losing to such tremendous odds. What was her soul that it should be counted among the multitude of souls, or excepted from the majority of them? If there was a Power that cared for right, and if what she had believed right was right, would not help have been sent her long ago? Just enough food and clothes and shelter, and the chance to pay for them by hard toil,—this was all she had asked. Just a little love and the opportunity to pay for it with a great love—this, she now saw, was all that she had hoped. And these things were denied her. There was nothing but hardship and the greedy eyes and grasping talons of the Monster—nothing but that or such an end as Nona, too late, had chosen.

The Monster: it was thus that she envisaged the terrible force of that evil which had now for so long dogged her steps, ever, as she at last perceived, drawing closer and closer. She shuddered at the conception. She grew immediately afraid. It seemed to her that she was actually and at this moment being followed. At first she dared not look back. Then she cast one hurried glance over her shoulder and saw the man Johnson a dozen paces behind her; he must have waited outside the shop all that afternoon; he must have some trade-sense of the moment for seizing his prey. . . .

She increased her speed, though where she was going she did not know.

Had she given the right way every chance? She remembered her stepmother. Joe would give the right one chance more.

She turned into a drug-store and went into its telephone-booth. She called up the little Connecticut town to which Mrs. Meggs had fled. She waited an interminable half-hour for her answer.

The answer came. In a quick tone, Joe gave her mother's name and address.

"Oh," said the calm voice of the Connecticut operator. "She's not there."

"Are—are you sure?"

"Quite. I board there myself. Mrs. Meggs and the children went away this morning on a visit to some cousin of hers."

Joe choked.

"Do you know where they went?"

"Sorry. I don't. Boston, I think."

"Have they gone for long?"

"For over the holidays—about a month, I think. Sorry. Good-bye!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



CINCINNATI'S NEW \$4,000,000 MODEL HOSPITAL

This institution embodies the best features of the most up-to-date hospitals in this country and Europe. There are 24 buildings arranged in groups. There is a group used for contagious diseases, another for tuberculosis patients, one for children's diseases, and several groups for ordinary sickness and surgical cases. The hospital has attracted such wide attention that Detroit is going to duplicate it and Cleveland wants one just like it. The hospital site is on a hilltop, away from smoke and noise, and there is a park of ten acres for use by convalescents.

The Sincerity of President Wilson

(Continued from page 175)

prone to follow the lines that have brought them success.

We must all admit that there are inequalities and always have been in the protective tariff. With thousands and tens of thousands of items in the tariff bill, it would be too much to expect that every item would be fully justified and equitably adjusted to the needs of the people. But the question in dispute between the parties is over the principle of protection itself and not over the items of the schedules. The Republican Party believes in the principle as wise, sagacious and necessary for the welfare both of capital and labor. The Democratic Party disbelieves in it. Its assail's protection as unwise, unnecessary and, some go far as to say, unconstitutional. On this issue, we had a popular election last fall. It is true that President Wilson did not receive a majority of the popular vote. It is true that the platforms both of Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt declared for protection and that the combined Taft and Roosevelt vote—that is, the protective vote—was 1,300,000 greater than the vote for Wilson on a tariff reform platform. Nevertheless we are now trying the experiment once more of a low tariff mingled with considerable free trade.

With this in prospect, a halt in business has been observed. This is perfectly natural. It may not be a portent of evil. Manufacturers prefer to await the action of Congress before extending themselves. If it be cheaper to import than to manufacture, imports will increase and take the place of the domestic products. Somebody on this side of the water will have to go out of business and surrender his market to the foreign producer. That, at least, is what many of our

manufacturers believe. The alternative is a reduction of wages and an increase in working hours. That is what many of the workingmen believe.

But President Wilson and his advisers hold to an entirely different opinion. They do not want the American manufacturer to be driven out of business, nor the wage-earner to have lower wages and longer hours. They declare that under a reduced tariff neither of these hardships need follow. They insist that the direct advantage which the protective tariff now gives can be offset and equalized under a lower tariff by greater efficiency on the part of our manufacturers and their employees. They do not deny that competition with the foreign producer must necessarily be closer, but they think that this will give a new stimulus to our industries and to our working masses and enable us still to maintain our prosperity on progressive and independent lines without the favors of a paternal government.

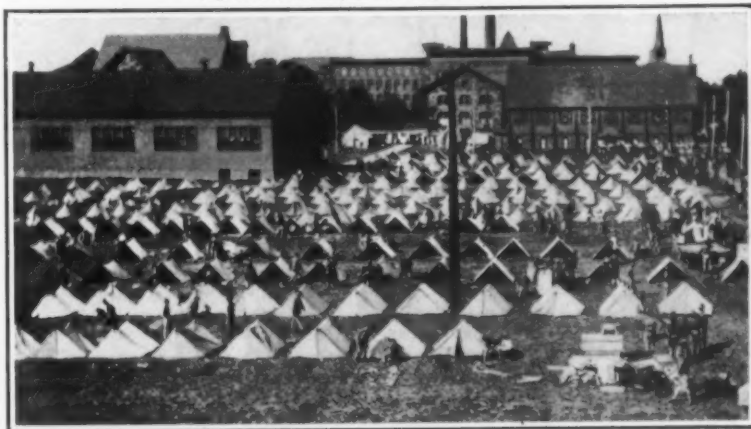
Faith is a splendid human characteristic. Credulity is a human weakness. Too often faith is weak and credulity strong. We have faith in American institutions and we are hopeful of American prosperity, but we are incredulous as to the success at this time of another experiment with tariff reform on radical lines. It is true that the present tariff by common consent deserves a revision. Nothing is perfect. Even liberty has permitted crimes in its name; even law has inflicted the severest hardship, and in the name of religion shocking wrongs have been done.

In the light of experience, of judgment, and faith, it is always well to hold fast to that which is good.



SUFFRAGE WORKERS STORM THE FEDERAL CAPITOL

A band of zealous woman suffragists ascending the steps leading to the United States Senate to present petitions to that body asking for equal suffrage. The delegations represented nearly every state in the Union.



TROOPS CALLED OUT TO SUPPRESS LABOR RIOTS

Michigan militia encamped at Calumet, Mich., in the centre of the Calumet and Hecla Mining properties where serious rioting recently occurred in connection with the strike of copper miners. 25,000 workmen were made idle and the business of a population of 100,000 was paralyzed by the strike. The men demanded recognition of the Miners' Western Federation.

In answering advertisements please mention "Leslie's Weekly."



"I Like It"

Like Most children do

INSTANT POSTUM

—the new food-drink.

But the big fact is that children, as well as adults, can drink Instant Postum with fullest benefit.

Little folks are commonly denied coffee, "because it hurts them."

The delicious, mild, Java-like flavour of Instant Postum pleases all the family and no harm can result because it is made entirely of choice wheat and the juice of sugar-cane—pure and free from the coffee drug, caffeine, or any other harmful substance.

No Boiling

A level teaspoonful of Instant Postum in an ordinary cup of hot water dissolves instantly and makes it right for most persons.

A big cup requires more and some people who like strong things put in a heaping spoonful and temper it with a large supply of cream.

Experiment until you know the amount that pleases your palate and have it made that way in the future.

Postum comes in two forms. Regular (must be boiled).

Instant Postum doesn't require boiling, but is prepared instantly by stirring a level teaspoonful in a cup of hot water.

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for

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Sizzling Statesmen in Washington

(Continued from page 178)

among all admitted aliens. Congressman Stout contends that the passage of his bill will have the effect of annually sending thousands of thrifty alien farmers into the great Northwest which needs new settlers and where there will be wider opportunity for them to develop into prosperous and useful citizens of their adopted land than is afforded under present conditions when a very large percentage of them are simply herded together in the alien colonies of the large cities.

LET EVERYBODY MOTOR

What can be the matter with the Democratic administration? Now it is jumping on poor "Billie" Wilson, the humble new Secretary of Labor, just because the latter has asked Congress for a \$5,000 touring car for his personal use in Washington. Hasn't Secretary Bryan eked enough out of his savings to buy himself the shiniest tall silk hat and the most dapper afternoon-tea frock suit in Washington? Has not Vice-President Marshall, whose views on Jeffersonian simplicity are well known, been provided with a luxurious limousine at government expense which he uses daily? Why discriminate against Secretary Wilson? Give him his \$5,000 motor car.

EXTENDING THE PARCEL POST

Very early to bed and much earlier to rise is the motto of the hard-working new Postmaster General. He sometimes turns in at 8 o'clock and is always up with the sun. Mr. Burleson, without doubt, spends a longer time at his work than any other Cabinet official. He may well be set up as a shining example of industry to the hundreds of thousands of postal employees throughout the country. His plans for extending the parcel post system have brought forth much opposition

from the express companies and a spirited fight is sure to follow. "We are going to make further reduction in rates," said Mr. Burleson recently. "It was estimated before the law went into effect that 300,000,000 packages would be handled a year. We have handled double that many. Postal revenues have increased as the result of parcel post business." The Postmaster General estimated as the result of a careful investigation that on twenty pound packages the government would make a profit of ten cents. Senator Bryan of Florida, who is fighting him in the matter, declared that his figures, based on investigations by the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads of the Senate, tended to show a loss of eight cents on such packages. He is nearer right.

CONGRESSIONAL RECORD "BUNK"

Probably the highest record ever reached in the speedy delivery of speeches is that attested to be the speech of Representative A. J. Sabath of Chicago purporting to have been delivered in the House of Representatives on the "Workmen's Compensation Bill." The official record of the debates of the House on that day shows that Representative Floyd of Arkansas in charge of the time of debate yielded one minute of those precious moments to Mr. Sabath for his views. A count of the words in his speech afterwards printed in the *Congressional Record* reveals the astounding fact that in that minute he uttered a little over 100,000 words. In the *Record* after the magnanimous yielding of one minute to Mr. Sabath in the debate, appears the stereotyped statement—"Mr. Sabath then addressed the House; his remarks will appear in full hereafter." And when they finally saw the light of day in the last issue of the appendix in full, they comprised forty-one pages of the *Record* of almost solid agate type.

Business Is Business

By EARLE WELBORN

TEN thousand times a day small-minded men proclaim their small-mindedness, and their failure, and make excuse for inexcusable conduct with those three words. Men who pose as humane so allow the spirit of grasping commercialism to overcome them that they will commit acts which seem incredible, giving as a reason "business is business—sentiment must not enter into it." Employers of men who have given their best years for a business will on slight excuse discharge any one of those

I know a business where a man did three men's work in starting an industry on its way in the business world, who worked for meagre pay in order that the business might have every opportunity for growth—yet the owners of that business discharged him without notice because they had heard cowardly rumors about his character; they did not even talk it over with the man or give him an opportunity—they simply decided that it was bad for the business to have a man in it who was being talked about.

And his was no exceptional case—there are hundreds of business men whose mental channels are as narrow, whose sense of moral obligation to their faithful employees is as slight. Hasn't this something to do with the unrest in America? Isn't it natural that men unfairly treated may without proper education suppose all employers to be alike, and by their votes change the whole tendency of public opinion toward Business?

But, luckily, that attitude is not characteristic of American business houses. I believe absolutely that the most successful businesses are those which are built up with an earnest attempt at the square deal—not the sort that proclaims the square deal from platform and printed page, but the sort that in daily dealing with men gives an impression of squareness just as do certain men by their warm hand clasp and ability to look you straight in the eye.

And that same squareness is one of the most potent factors in the success of many a business. I have heard men in Dayton deride John H. Patterson for spending a hundred thousand a year to make Dayton more beautiful, a better place to live in. "Why don't he keep it?" I bank my profits, you bet," was the way one manufacturer put it up to me. But he couldn't realize that his inability to understand Mr. Patterson's viewpoint was one of the reasons Mr. Patterson's business amounted to

more in a year than this man's amounted to in twenty.

Business is not sordid! At least successful business is not. The biggest things in the commercial world are being done by dreamers. The Wrights, the Edisons—all are dreamers, all have been called "fool" by the unthinking rabble, but all are successful, not alone in the accomplishment of their ideals, but in a commercial way as well.

And even if to be a dreamer meant to men give up certain animal comforts, who wouldn't rather be a dreamer? Can anyone imagine wealth or position giving the intense joy that Edison must have felt when first the light glowed in that little bulb on his table? Was he thinking of the dollars that glow would bring him? Not much—it was the joy of achievement, the glory of doing the impossible!

Let's try to get away from the sordidness of things—let's open up our hearts and meet the world half way. There really is nothing the matter with the world except the mental state of its people; and you and I can change our mental state and open the way for greater possibilities. Try it on; the world sadly needs more optimists.

In the World of Womankind

(Continued from page 178)

that state that he refused to sell us any rope, no matter what we offered him.

"We simply had to resort to crime. One of the party kept the man engaged in conversation, while I went in and abstracted four halters. We laid their price unobtrusively on his desk. Then we made for home. No more girl chauffeurs for me, thank you."

Unjust and sweeping as this old bachelor's condemnation is, we must admit that there is a hard rind of truth beneath it all. Our girls, as a rule, are not quite thorough always in their preparation before they plunge into work which they very much want to do. They do not often understand engines and mechanics. They have not deeply studied electricity. They do talk too much. But in proportion to the whole number who are trying to run motor-cars, they probably understand such things as well as their brothers.

Not very long ago, Mrs. Clark Fisher motored around the world. Several other women have accomplished similar feats. Many women, some quite young, have passed the chauffeur-examinations. We should be glad to hear from some of them or others on this subject.

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The Remarkable King of Montenegro

(Continued from page 179)

from any moral responsibility for the dozen or so of suicides incidental to the bourse upheavals which the war entailed in Germany and Austria.

But all is not well with the Montenegrin monarch. Since the day in the year 1860 when he was called from the Lycée Louis-Le-Grand, where he was studying in Paris, to succeed his uncle Danilo, who had been assassinated, he has on the whole ruled wisely and for the benefit of his country. Two generations of this brave and hardy mountain people have regarded with affection and veneration the simple-living giant of a king who has sung his own sonnets to them while he has ruled over them with patriarchal benevolence. That Nicholas can inspire affection and respect he showed in his Paris schooldays. When in 1858 a brawny figure clad in billowing pantaloons and gaudy jacket and coiffed with a fur porkpie cap came to take up quarters in the exclusive Louis-Le-Grand Lycée the boisterous merriment of the boys was not concealed until a muscular arm had cast bruises far and wide. Nikita Petrovitch at once made himself respected by his fellow-students, and very soon they came to like him. To this day old Frenchmen speak regretfully of the days when they joined in Petro's pranks at the Lycée.

Among his own people, however, there has lately been a sensible change of attitude towards their ruler. His financial operations are not liked, and recently he fell into further disfavor by accepting the position of managing director of the Palace Hotel at Cetinje. Yet no one can say that this is not for the good of the hotel. The royal director has as keen an eye to domestic economy as any French housewife; he personally examines the books, and woe betide the staff if there is any waste. And

he also whips up the clientele. Recently an American who was received at the Cetinje Court imprudently confided to Nicholas that he, too, was a king in his own country. On the following day the king sent round word to the hotel that the American's bill must be doubled. The king, in fact, draws up the hotel tariff; it is his Majesty who fixes the charges for rooms, food, laundry, light, etc., and he does it with fine discrimination. No foreign minister who comes with credentials to the king escapes the royal question, "At what hotel are you staying?"

But Scutari is gone, and if the history of the surrender of that fort increases the king's reputation as a wily negotiator, it cannot be said that it has revived the affection in which his people once held him. The king knew the situation to be a very perilous one for himself, and he thought he had made his throne secure when he obtained possession of Scutari by allowing Essad Pasha, who is throwing for the throne of Albania, to march out of the fortress with all his troops and ammunition. The king would have probably continued to turn a deaf ear to the Great Powers and held on to Scutari until he was turned out by foreign troops had not the Czar peremptorily threatened to withdraw the important sum which almost makes up the whole of Nicholas's appanage.

No one knows better than the king how sorely tried his people have been by the war, and he is also aware that his throne now depends on the importance of the "compensations" he is able to wring from Austria for the evacuation of Scutari. But it will be strange if this unique composite of monarch, bard, financier and hotel-manager does not once more rise triumphant over his difficulties.

R. R. President's Suprising Figures

(Continued from page 179)

Had you ever thought it out that way? Adding the 16,000,000 dependent upon the railways and allied industries to the 4,000,000 interested or dependent upon railway ownership, you certainly have more than one-fifth of 95,410,503, which is the latest estimate of the population of the United States. And Mr. Elliott got this valuable information together in a most interesting way. Talking before the Minneapolis chapter of the American Institute of Banking, last April, he discussed what the railroads do with the revenues they receive. This is one gem from it:

"The revenues of the railroads are collected in the main from the handling of 'property and passengers, and a railroad cannot pay out more than it takes in. 'In 1912, out of every dollar that all the railroads in the United States received, 'the following disposition was made:

"Labor direct.....	44.17 cents
Fuel and oil, 70 per cent labor.....	8.93 "
Material, supplies and miscellaneous expenses.....	14.06 "
Loss and damages.....	2.20 "
Taxes.....	4.21 "
Rents for leased roads.....	4.41 "
Interest on debt.....	13.43 "
Total.....	91.41 "
Balance.....	8.59 "
	100.00 "

"Of this balance 3.75 cents were for 'terments and deficits, and 4.84 cents for 'dividends. In other words, of the dollar 'collected there had to be paid out 91.41 'cents for those things that were absolutely 'necessary for maintaining and operating 'the property, paying taxes and interest, 'leaving only the small balance of 8.59 'cents for improvements and dividends."

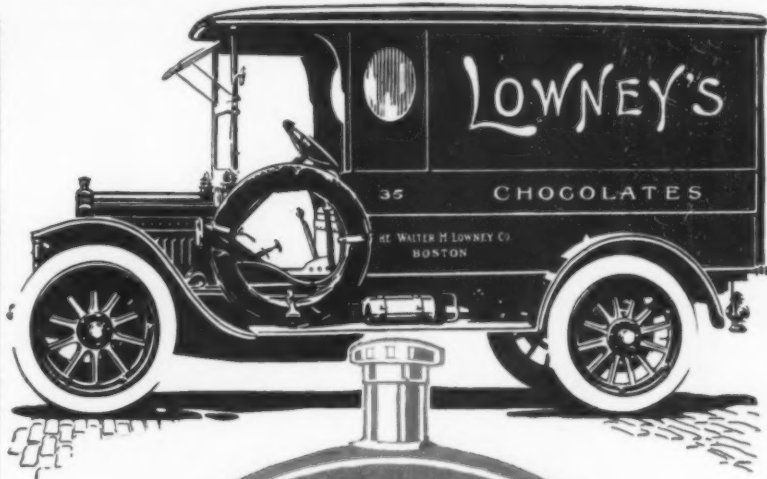
Mr. Elliott frequently has expressed himself as opposed to states going to an extreme in legislation affecting the transportation business, just because they had the power. "Some regulation is necessary and desirable in our modern, complex industrial system," he told the Minnesota Federation of Commercial Clubs at their annual convention in St. Paul in January, 1911, "but during the last few years regulation has too often been interpreted by the ambitious lawmaker or the active railroad commissioner to mean taking away of something from some one else, whether such act was just or not."

Speaking at the Third Annual Apple Show at Spokane, Washington, 1910, Mr. Elliott

protested there were too many laws for railroads and said the railroad owner was kept busy complying with mandates of legislatures and commissions. "He has little control over the rates, over the hours of labor, over the rules for the conduct of the business in which his money is invested, over the taxes he shall pay. There is reserved to him the one duty and responsibility of finding money to pay the bills." In another speech Mr. Elliott estimated the cost to the railroads of the United States for what generally seemed excessive and unnecessary regulation at \$85 a mile of road every year, or nearly \$20,000,000 per annum. Only one more quotation is necessary. It is an interesting one from his speech on "Public Opinion; Its Effect on Business," before the Publicity Club of Minneapolis in January a year ago. He was discussing the flood of legislation. He said:

"The disposition to try to adjust everything by passing laws is nowhere more strikingly shown than in the number of laws introduced into Congress. While 'the largest number of proposed enactments submitted to any American Congress during the ten-year period ending in '1909 was at the sixtieth session, when '38,388 bills were introduced, the more deliberate and careful methods of the English are shown in the fact that the largest 'number of bills before any Parliament in 'that period, that of 1900, was only 621. 'Less than two per cent of the bills before 'the sixtieth Congress became law, while '67 per cent of the bills proposed in Parliament in 1900 were enacted. The state 'legislatures for 1911 considered, as a part 'of new railroad legislation proposed, a 'total of 512 bills, affecting physical operation of railroads. These proposed bills 'related to many details as to which it 'would be supposed that the long experience and extensive knowledge of railroad 'managers under the varying conditions of 'business would be a better guide than the 'judgment of a legislative body, no matter 'how excellent its intentions."

This is the manner of man who will succeed Charles S. Mellen as president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford, the man who says he will welcome criticism, seek to bring about a closer friendship between the railroad and its patrons.



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These five random selections from the September issue are only typical of the **200 Other Fascinating Subjects** fairly alive with devouring interest and accompanied by a choice selection of **Over 150 Absorbing Illustrations** that combine to make up one of the most interesting and instructive popular magazines ever published—

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Jasper's Hints to Money-Makers

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THE prophets are of the past. The fortune-tellers are of the present.

There are too many who want to tell fortunes for a consideration; so many that no one believes that the fortune-teller is a truth teller. He is a guesser, nothing more or less.

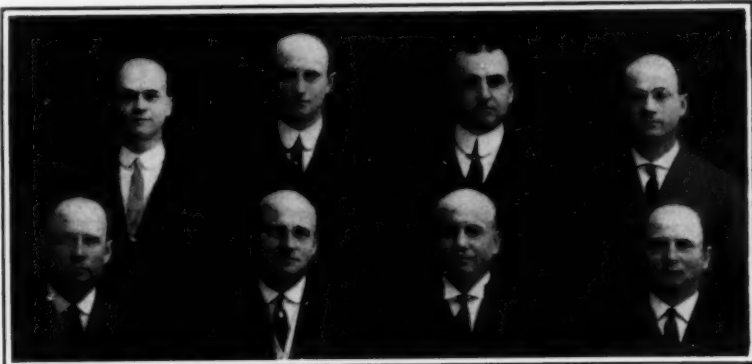
If any man or woman could really read the future, he or she could roll in wealth. It would not be necessary to tell fortunes for a dime or a dollar a piece.

One of my appreciative readers in Milwaukee writes to ask Jasper a few questions. He says he is a novice. He wants to know why Jasper does not predict "an impending downward course of the market" a week or two ahead so that his readers could take advantage of this opportunity.

prices because no one can tell when bottom has been reached, but they get pretty nearly to the bottom prices. Their heavy purchases are made on panicky breaks such as we had at the close of 1907. At that time my readers will remember that I suggested that stocks bought outright and patiently held would yield a profit. The result justified the prediction.

There are plenty of tipsters eager to sell advice from day to day. You can buy tips on Wall Street just as you can buy them on a horse race. Obviously if the tipsters felt sure of their tips they would act upon them themselves and make so much money that they would need go into no other line of business.

I have never been a tipster and never will be. I have striven earnestly and conscientiously for the last twenty years to tell my readers the situation in Wall Street as it appeared to me. If I have not always helped my readers to make money, I feel quite sure, from numerous appreciative letters, that I have saved them from making losses. That is something in these days when so many are tempted by preposterous offers of enormous profits to go into speculation blindly.



REMARKABLE GROUP OF BUSINESS MEN

Eight brothers who are engaged in business, each independent of the others, and who are all successful laundry proprietors in different cities of the West. Left to right, top row, Edward Huebsch, Eau Claire, Wis.; Charles Huebsch, Duluth, Minn.; William Huebsch, Milwaukee, Wis.; Robert Huebsch, Winona, Minn. Front row, John Huebsch, Eau Claire, Wis.; A. K. Huebsch, St. Charles, Minn.; Joseph Huebsch, Milwaukee; Frank Huebsch, San Francisco

He asks further: "And why could not predictions be made of impending rises or advances or of upward courses of the market two or three weeks or even a month ahead?" He says that Jasper deals with what has happened, while the reader wants to know "what is going to happen."

There are times when the observant eye detects danger even in the dark. There is an ear so delicate that it hears the faintest whisper; there is an experience that gives warning to one man which is not apparent to another, but no one can tell the ways of Wall Street. If he could, untold riches would be his for the mere asking.

Some years ago when Wall Street was swept off its feet by an advance which seemed to have no end and when stock after stock rose to figures almost unprecedented, and when brokers were telling their customers to buy because there was a scarcity of securities, I sounded a note of alarm and was laughed at.

But the crash came all unexpectedly. Many readers who had not listened to the voice of warning wrote to ask why, in the midst of a widespread boom, I had apprehended danger. In the light of experience I felt that things were going too far and too fast, after the market had been advancing continuously for a year and a half.

The one safe rule in Wall Street is to sell when everybody is eager to buy and to buy when everyone seems anxious to sell. There are a few patient and successful operators, whose patience has been rewarded and whose success has been achieved because they have followed this simple rule.

They do not buy always at the lowest

The present condition of affairs in Wall Street will serve as an illustration. Months ago tipsters were recommending the purchase of railway shares in the belief that crops would be abnormally large. I pointed out that the corn and cotton crops would not be out of danger until September. Recently we have realized the serious harm of a midsummer drought to the corn crop. The danger of an early frost in September must still be passed before we shall know the yield of corn. But we are assured that it will be much less than was anticipated six or eight weeks ago.

The long-continued decline in the stock market justifies the belief that chances favor an advance. If the tariff and banking questions were settled on reasonable lines and if the crops were normal, higher rather than lower prices would result.

But we cannot have a strong, active and rising market if the policy of attacking our great corporate enterprises is continued at Washington. The decline in the express stocks, heretofore so highly regarded by

(Continued on page 189)

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BONDS SENT TO ANY BANK OR EXPRESS
COMPANY SUBJECT TO EXAMINATION
THE NEW FIRST NATIONAL BANK COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

(Continued from page 188)

investors, is proof of what I say. Unless the investing, thoughtful element among the people enters its vigorous protest against the continuance of the radical and destructive policies now being pursued by our supervising and legislative authorities, operators in Wall Street must act with great caution and circumspection.

A.C., New York City: The Davidson Gold Mining Company was dissolved in 1900. Stock has no value.

H., South Dakota: Boulder Tungsten Production Company stock is not in the investment class. There are better speculations.

X. Y. Z., Elwood, Ind.: I do not answer life insurance inquiries and have referred your letter to Hermit, the editor of the insurance department.

R., New York City: The growth of Gary has led to considerable speculation in properties in the new steel city. Whether the rise will continue I cannot say. Usually such advances are carried too far at the outset.

M., Minneapolis.: I do not look upon the Great Cariboo or the Lightning Creek as in the investment line. The highly speculative nature of such propositions must be obvious. Careful investors have little use for such things.

Constant Reader, New York: When we speak of the "yield" of a stock, we mean the percentage on the money it gives to the purchaser. If he buys a share of Atchison common at \$100, and it pays 5% dividends per annum, the yield is 5%.

J., Philadelphia, Pa.: I agree with you that Amalgamated interests have been quite successful as leaders in the copper market. For this reason their friendly attitude toward Inspiration has attracted the speculative and investing element to it.

McT., St. Louis: There must be obvious risk in investing in stock of an amusement company for the World's Fair of 1915. No one knows what measure of success will attend that enterprise. Why not buy securities sold on the stock exchanges that successful investors buy?

P., Texarkana, Ark.: The Frisco General Lien \$5, around 50, would look cheap but for the reluctance of investors to buy securities of corporations in the hands of receivers. A shrewd financier once told me that as a rule the affairs of a bankrupt concern always proved to be worse than better on investigation.

G., Atlantic City, N. J.: If you can get your money back in the stock of the United Wave Power Company it would be the safest thing to do so. The project of using waves for commercial power purposes has been frequently considered, but is a good way from success. Thus far, the sellers of stock have appeared to be the greatest beneficiaries.

L., Columbus, O.: 1. I cannot pass upon the standing of firms. That is the work of the mercantile agencies, but I never have had a complaint about the parties to which you refer. 2. I doubt if it will be very harmful. 3. Among the most attractive of the former Standard Oil stocks, from the investor's standpoint, are Standard Oil Co., of New Jersey, Vacuum Oil, Standard Oil of California, and Galena Signal Oil. All of these pay good dividends.

E. E., Pittsburg, Pa.: The prospectus you send of the Kaleva Mining Company simply indicates that there is a prospect by the expenditure of a large amount of money of finding out whether there is an ore body workable on a profitable basis. If you are looking for a gamble with a gambler's chances, which are always against you, you will find it in almost any mining proposition. Bear in mind that not one out of a hundred pays.

S., Watertown, N. Y.: Atlantic Coast Line 4s, General Electric 5s and St. Paul 4½s are all excellent for investment. Leather 4s are not gilt-edged, but well regarded. A 6% bond with possibilities from a speculative standpoint will be found in the Texas Co. Convertible 6s selling around par. This bond is convertible into stock at \$150. It is said that the annual report will show from 20% to 30% earned on the stock during the past year. In that event it should sell higher and the convertible privilege of the bonds might be worth regarding. The Texas Co. is one of the principal competitors of the Standard Oil. I do not refer to the bond as a gilt-edged investment.

T., Churchillville, N. Y.: 1. Under the administration of President Elliott, the New Haven ought to maintain its dividends, but it is too early to say what will be done in the matter. Mr. Elliott's disposition to take the public into his confidence will probably result in an early report regarding the outlook. 2. Around par the stock looks attractive in view of its great earning possibilities. 3. Among the copper stocks Inspiration is as good as any at prevailing prices. 4. I never predict the future of any particular stock. Changing circumstances from day to day must always be considered. 5. The opening of the Panama Canal should be favorable to Pacific Mail.

M., Center Point, Iowa: It is an old scheme for those who are trying to sell shares, on a big commission, to pretend

that they can only be sold in limited amounts and to certain selected parties. The claim is always made that the stock is so good that business men would gobble it up instantly if they were permitted to do so. It is unnecessary to call your attention to the preposterous nature of such an argument. It is also an old trick, in order to stimulate the sale of shares of unlisted corporations, to report that the price is rapidly advancing. Not being listed, insiders can make fictitious prices because there is no market establishing daily quotations as the stock market does for its securities.

SPECIAL CIRCULARS OF INFORMATION

H., Youngstown, O.: 1. If you buy shares on the partial payment plan, they will belong to you after you have completed payments. The dividends meanwhile will be yours, so that your money will be earning something. 2. The partial payment plan is described in the booklet issued by John Muir & Co., specialists in odd lots, 74 Broadway, N. Y. This firm is a member of the New York Stock Exchange. Write for their booklet No. 4.

Certainty, Bangor, Maine: 1. The application for the pardon of Julian Hawthorne, convicted of using the mails to defraud the public into purchasing mining stock, has been denied as it should have been. 2. Money commands higher rates of interest in the West and in the South than in the East. 3. The 6% First Mortgage Bonds so highly recommended by Straus & Company are secured by Improved Chicago real estate fully described in the booklets and magazine published by this company. The firm has been in business successfully many years. Write to S. W. Straus & Company, 21 Wall Street, for their Investors Magazine and circular No. 2400. 4. The weekly Financial Review which I have recommended to my readers is published by J. H. Bache & Company, Bankers, 42 Broadway, New York. Any reader can have a copy regularly without charge by writing to Bache & Co. for it.

Merchant, Omaha: 1. The earnings of the Loose-Wiles Broom Company for the first six months of this year showed an increase of over 50%. The common stock is a fair speculation. 2. American Ice is said to earn over 6% on the stock this year, but there is no talk of a dividend at present. It is not a popular stock, but on its earnings deserves to sell higher. 3. The American Ice Security 6% debentures which have recently advanced from \$70 to \$75 look like a good speculation, yielding as they do about 8%. 4. The twenty payment plan of buying securities on installments is described in a leaflet published by Slattery & Co., 40 Exchange Place, N. Y. Write them for a copy.

Standard Oil, Detroit: Standard Oil of California, which has recently risen from \$170 to between \$180 and \$190, pays 2¼% quarterly and is said to be earning much more than that. I think well of it. You can buy one share or more. An interesting booklet on Standard Oil stocks showing the generous dividends they pay can be had without charge by writing to J. Hathaway Pope & Company, 20 Broad St., New York.

Municipal Bonds, Toledo, O.: 1. Municipal bonds are among the best. The Atchison 4% Municipal became due on the 1st of July and as the city was unable to sell new 4% bonds, it offered the latter in exchange for the old bonds. The courts have interfered in favor of payment of the obligation to the bond holders. Atchison is a wealthy and prosperous city and I have no doubt that its people will take care of all its obligations. 2. Some bankers make a specialty of preparing lists of desirable investments for their customers, whether they have a few hundred or many thousand dollars to invest. They are always willing to correspond with inquirers and to give information as to the rates of interest, the earnings and the nature of the security. A. T. Leach & Co., dealers in investment securities, 149 Broadway, New York, have prepared a special circular in regard to desirable investments and will be pleased to hear from any of my readers. Write them for their Circular J-30.

\$100 Bonds, Jacksonville, Fla.: The way to accumulate riches is by setting aside something, no matter how little, from week to week or month to month. Almost anyone ought to be able in a year to save enough to buy a \$100 bond. Even some government bonds are now issued in denominations of \$100. New York Municipal \$100 bonds pay almost 4½%, and some of the railroad and industrial bonds as high as 6%. The commission charged for buying these small bonds is small. Some brokers make a specialty of buying on installment payments as small as \$5.00. This is a good way to save money and put it in the investment form. Write to Beyer & Company, the hundred dollar bond house, 55 Wall Street, New York, for a copy of their publication called "The \$100 Bond News" and also for list L303.

6%, New Orleans: 1. The 4½% treasury notes of the Austrian Government which were offered at 97½ by the National City Bank of New York mature July, 1914, and Jan. 1, 1915, and yield over 6%, which is a good return for a government obligation. 2. The \$100 6% New York Realty obligation to which you refer is described in booklet 43, issued by the New York Real Estate Security Company, 42 Broadway, New York. Write for a copy.

Beginner, Seattle: 1. It would be better for you to begin by buying a few shares of a good dividend paying stock like Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, Atchison, or St. Paul, rather than by buying purely speculative issues like International Paper preferred, or Union Bag and Paper preferred, although the latter may have possibilities. 2. You can buy on the monthly payment plan and when you have completed payments the stock is put in your name and is owned by you. If you are unable to save your money you could put it away by following this method. The dividends will be yours. Write to Harold Dickerson & Co., 100 Broadway, New York, for Booklet L regarding the monthly payment plan.

Absolutely Sure, Providence, R. I.: Bonds can now be bought on a safer basis than for almost 20 years past. The bonds that the government endorses as good enough to protect its postal savings bank funds are highly regarded. The new First National Bank of Columbus, Ohio, has prepared an instructive booklet entitled "Bonds of Our Country," which will be sent to any of my readers without charge upon application. You can have your bonds sent to you by this bank by express, subject to examination before completing the purchase. NEW YORK, August 14, 1913. JASPER.

A Child's Cry

I want to go out in the country
Away from the heat and the noise,
Where I can have daisies and bluebells
And little red roses for toys,
And wade in the puddles barefooted,
And roll on the green-velvet grass,
And pretend that the dewdrops are diamonds,
And the clouds are all angels that pass.
I want to go out in the country
Away from the dust and the smoke,
With a clean gingham apron for Sundays,
And maybe a little blue cloak.
I don't ever get any taller,
I know by my frocks—not a mite!
They say that my legs are like pipestems,
And my cheeks are all sunken and white,
The stones that they plant in the city
Never get any bigger, and so
I want to go out in the country,
The beautiful country, and grow.

MINNA IRVING.

Everybody Likes Pictures

COMMENTING on recent changes in weekly journalism, the Omaha Excelsior observes: "We take it that LESLIE'S WEEKLY, which presents its readers each week with page after page of pictures 'selected from all parts of the country' is a paper that more generally and faithfully serves the purpose of an illustrated weekly than one which only features certain events and cannot be always depended upon to feature those." For nearly sixty years LESLIE'S has maintained its unique character as the one great weekly illustrated newspaper in the United States. It has endeavored to give to its readers, in beautiful printed pictures, the history of the world with sufficient comments to make it highly entertaining and educational. Many years ago it was said that the use of illustrations by the daily newspapers would interfere with the career of LESLIE'S, yet the circulation of the latter has continued to increase. It was never larger than it is to-day, the edition order for this issue being 414,000 copies. It was thought by some that the vogue of the moving picture would minimize the interest of the public in the great illustrated weekly, but this has also proved to be fallacious. Those who read LESLIE'S are all the more interested in moving pictures, and those who see the moving pictures find their interest in Leslie's illustrations intensified. There is room in this country for just such a publication as LESLIE'S. This has been demonstrated long ago. As the great illustrated weeklies of Europe have maintained and strengthened their popularity, so have American publications of like character grown with the growth of the country.

Books Worth While

MISSIONARY EXPLORERS AMONG THE AMERICAN INDIANS, edited by M. G. Humphreys (Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, \$1.50 net). Brief biographical sketches of a number of fearless preachers who devoted their lives to the uplifting of the Indians. The sketches contain historical data, and many interesting and real narratives and redskin lore.

LIBERTY AND THE GREAT LIBERTARIANS, edited and published by Chas. T. Spradine, Los Angeles, Cal., \$1.50 net. A somewhat heavy but succinct treatise on freedom of thought and action, comprehensively studied from many political angles.

THE FIRST CHURCH'S CHRISTMAS BARREL, by Caroline Abbott Stanley (Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York, \$1.50). A humorous description of an embarrassing situation over a church's Christmas barrel sent to its western missionary. One will find its laughter enjoyable, its pathos and tears touching and its knowledge of human nature unusually readable.

THE LITTLE FIDDLER OF THE OZARKS, by John Breckenridge Ellis (Laird & Lee, Chicago, \$1.25 net). A quaint romance of the mountain regions of the middle west filled with tender, touching paths that appeals to human sympathy.

THE CALL OF THE CUMBERLANDS, by Chas. Neville Buck (W. J. Watt & Co., New York, \$1.25 net). A powerful story of the Kentucky mountains with a charming romance of the primitive folk of the mountain region.

Recent Deaths of Noted Persons

ROBERT CURTIS OGDEN, of New York, a widely known as a merchant, philanthropist, educator, and author died at Kennebunkport, Me., August 6th, aged 77. For many years he was president of the Southern Educational Board. He published a number of meritorious books.

JOSEPH F. JOHNSTON, United States Senator from Alabama and a Confederate War hero, died at Washington August 8th, aged 70.

COL. SAMUEL CODY, the Anglo-American aviator, was killed, with his passenger, in an aeroplane accident at Aldershot, England, August 7th.

DR. OLIVER LIVINGSTON JONES, a wealthy retired physician, died at New York August 9th, as the result of a pistol wound inflicted accidentally or intentionally. He was the father of "General" Rouslie Jones, the suffragette leader.

GEORGE HERRCROCK, the American painter, died at the Island of Marken, Holland, August 14th, aged 63.

FATHER OHRWALDER, a famous Austrian missionary who was a captive of the Mahdi (a fanatical Mohammedan leader) for 10 years, died at Omdurman in the Sudan, Africa, August 8th, aged 58.

WILLIAM R. FINCH, a journalist and former United States Minister to Paraguay and Uruguay, died at La Crosse, Wis., August 9th, aged 68.

A. PITTALUGA, Italian Minister to Paraguay, was killed by an Italian physician at Asuncion, Paraguay, recently.

GENERAL ABRAHAM PERDOMO, a military leader well known in Central America, was shot and killed at San Salvador, July 29th, by Arturo Gomez, a journalist. Perdomo was prominent in last year's revolution in Nicaragua.

SAMUEL W. WILLIAMS, candidate for vice-president of the United States on the Populist ticket in 1908, died in Vincennes, Ind., August 5th, aged 62.

BISHOP WILLIAM TUFNELL SABINE, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, died at New York, Aug. 11, aged 75.

Agoo

63



August, 1863.
The Brooklyn Regiment has sent detachment to New York for 700 conscripted to regiment. This detachment has suffered severely and although numbers of recruits have arrived from time to time, it now must

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Special Note: The Popular Edition of the First National Bank, 9 x 12 inches, will be sent you for 25 cents. Over 42,000 copies of this Popular Edition have been sold. There is a limited number left.

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Did You Ever Make a Speech?

Do you remember how hard it was to get started?
Are you President of a Chamber of Commerce or any other important commercial body?

Are you at the head of a bank, corporation or a business, and accustomed to attending banquets, and sometimes do you preside?

Are you a professor of a college, teacher of a school, or leader in any particular branch of work?

Are you a politician? Do you ever talk to your constituents?

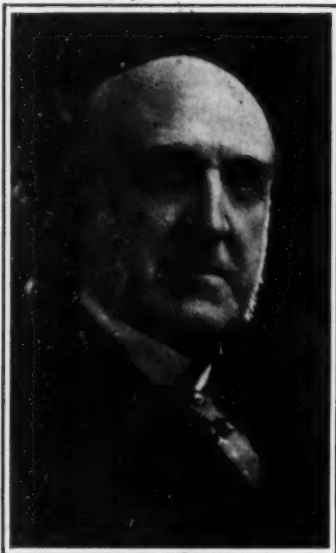
If so, you will know how necessary it is to have

the gift of good speaking and a knowledge of current events.

Are you a member of any legislative body, or do you expect to be?

How important it is that you should be well informed on all subjects of *political, historic and current interest*.

The following are some of the subjects on which Ex-Senator Chauncey M. Depew, the matchless orator of our times, has spoken. Would you like all these orations for your reference library? No encyclopedia would help you as much.



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

The Columbian Oration, at the Dedication of the World's Fair at Chicago
Oration at the Unveiling of the Statue of Liberty
Enlightening the World
Laying of the Corner-stone of the Grant Mausoleum
The Army of the Potomac
The Colonial Wars
Formation of the Government of the State of New York

Commencement Address at Yale College
Anniversary Address before the Yale Law School
Address as President of the Yale Alumni Association at Delmonico's
Address before the Yale Law School Political Club
Address before the Annual Convention of the Psi Upsilon Societies of the United States

Government of the Philippine Islands
Taxation of Porto Rico
Ship subsidies
Election of U. S. Senators by direct vote of the people
National Forest Reserve
Construction of Panama Canal
Admission of Oklahoma, Arizona and New Mexico to the Union
The United States Navy
Currency Reform
The Panic 1907
American Merchant Marine

Senator Depew's Orations

National Banking Laws
Reclamation of Agricultural Lands
Government Postal Savings Bank System
Examination in Civil Service
Porto Rican House of Delegates
Hawaii—Its Government and Conditions before and since Annexation
The Great Judges and the Famous Decisions that have made our Federal Judiciary the Custodian and Interpreter of the Constitution
Liberty of the Press
Tariff for Protection as against Tariff for Revenue only

Some of the Distinguished Men

Whose careers have been closely studied and set forth in brilliant style in memorial and anniversary addresses.

Senator Marcus A. Hanna	Alexander Hamilton	Christopher Columbus	Henry Irving
Senator George Frisbie Hoar	Abraham Lincoln	General John A. Logan	Stephen Girard
Senator Edmund W. Pettus	U. S. Grant	John Jay	Mark Twain
Senator Wm. D. Allison	W. T. Sherman	Charles Stewart Parnell	Washington Irving
John Carroll of Carrollton	Horace Greeley	Louis Kossuth	Andrew Carnegie
John Hanson	James A. Garfield	Commodore Vanderbilt	DeWitt Clinton
George Washington	Chester A. Arthur	Henry M. Stanley	and others

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Irish Home Rule
Hudson and the Half Moon
The Jay Treaty
Battle of Princeton
Nomination of President Harrison
Nomination of Vice-President Levi P. Morton
Nomination of Theodore Roosevelt for Governor of New York
Speech notifying Theodore Roosevelt of his nomination for Governor
Nomination of Theodore Roosevelt for Vice-President

"The Young Man in Politics," Speech before the New York Republican Club at Delmonico's
Speech on the issues of the campaign before an audience of twenty-eight thousand people in the Coliseum, Chicago
Acceptance of Presidency of the Republican Club of New York
Reception to the Republican Editorial Association
Nomination of Charles W. Fairbanks for Vice-President
"My Eleven Presidential Campaigns, Episodes and Incidents of the National Canvasses of Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley and Roosevelt"
History of Republican National Conventions "How the New Tariff Helps your Pocketbook" From Leslie's Weekly, August 19, 1909)

Celebrated College and Educational Addresses

Address before the graduating class of Columbia College Law School
Address at the celebration of the Quarter Centennial of Cornell University
"A Talk to Young Physicians"—address to the graduating class of the Syracuse Medical College
"The Higher Education"—address before the Alumni

Association of the University of Cincinnati
"The Present, its Opportunities and Perils"—address at the University of Chicago
Lecture at the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Cal.
Address at the installation of President Finley of the College of the City of New York
Address to the students of Hampton Institute

Here is Your Opportunity

These notable addresses have been gathered in book form. They are printed in eight splendid Octavo Volumes, illustrated with portraits of famous Americans from original etchings. They were *privately printed* and not on public sale. The books on hand, with the plates and copyrights have been purchased by the

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225 Fifth Avenue, New York

Gentlemen:—I wish to take advantage of offer No. with reference to the set of 8 volumes of Orations by Ex-Senator Chauncey M. Depew.

Offers: No. 1—Enclosed please find \$50 for which please send me one autographed set of the Orations of Ex-Senator Chauncey M. Depew in 8 Octavo volumes, De Luxe Edition, bound in full Spanish leather.

No. 2—Enclosed find \$16 for one set of the above books bound in cloth.

No. 3—Please send me full particulars regarding the Orations of Ex-Senator Chauncey M. Depew as advertised in LESLIE'S WEEKLY, August 14, 1913.

(Fill in the blank space in the first line, using the number corresponding to the offer you are interested in.)

Name

Address

LESLIE-JUDGE COMPANY. It now makes a special offer.

First: the handsome, expensive De Luxe Edition, bound in full Spanish leather, the first volume containing the autograph of Senator Depew, under his portrait. Only 180 sets remain. These will be offered, as long as they last, at \$50 a set.

This is the edition that was printed for private distribution. It is not on sale at book stores and when this edition is exhausted, copies can only be gotten from collectors at any price the collector may demand. **It is the only autographed edition of Senator Depew's speeches.**

Second: the same eight volumes neatly bound in cloth, including all the illustrations, but not autographed, can be had for \$16 a set. The edition is also limited.

Orders for either edition will only be filled if they are received in time to supply the books. Reservation can be made by wire. Cash must accompany orders.

Cut out the Coupon below which is attached for your convenience.

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Leslie's Fifty Years Ago

Illustrations, News Items, and Comment Printed in the Stirring Days of 1863

(Reproduced from Leslie's Weekly, August, 1863)

August, 1863

A passenger of one of the Philadelphia railroad cars sued the company for one cent, which the conductor had detained in default of making change. The plaintiff gained a verdict and the company paid the costs.

Connecticut boasts of nearly 3,000 industrial establishments, and a capital of \$46,000,000 invested in manufacturing business, giving employment to 80,000 hands. Add together all the industrial products of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Texas and Mississippi, and Connecticut is \$20,000,000 ahead of them all.

The gold coinage at the Philadelphia Mint during July was \$163,104.89, almost all in double eagles. The silver coinage, almost all half dollars, was \$25,500.72, and of cents \$25,000, making a total coinage of \$2,558,784 pieces, of the value of \$213,605.60.

Brig. Gen. G. K. Warren, Chief of Topographical Engineers, has been promoted to Major-General of Volunteers. He is a West Pointer, and about 30.

The tendency of commerce to steal the pennies from a dead man's eyes has just had an illustration on the Mississippi. No sooner had the valor of Grant's army opened the river than steamers came from Cairo to Vicksburg, to bring home the furloughed men. The captain of the *Hope* thought this was too good an opportunity to rob the brave soldiers to let slip, and he consequently charged \$20 fare for a private, and as much more as he could get from the officers. He had just got a full cargo when Gen. Grant sent a guard on board, and gave the captain the option of refunding the money over \$5 a head for men and \$7 for officers, or else going to prison. He returned his ill-gotten gains, and the price is now fixed at Grant's rate from Vicksburg to Cairo.

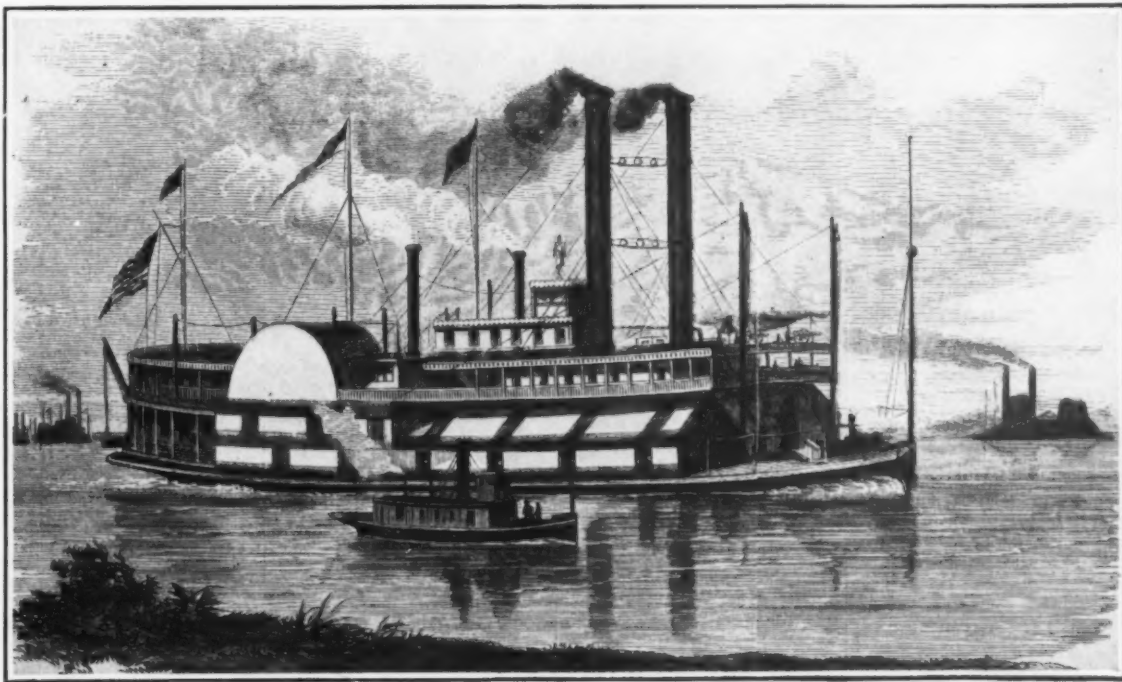
A correspondent informs us that during one of the "heated days" last week a poor man fell exhausted in Garden Street, Hoboken, New Jersey, and remained unattended there for nearly three hours. This reflects upon the Mayor, Police, City Doctor and citizens.

The excavations at Pompeii are being most actively continued. Among the latest discoveries are mentioned a cradle, constructed exactly after the pattern now in use throughout Europe. An Italian paper says that it is ornamented with representations of gladiatorial fights, popular games, battles, etc., carved in wood, and movable by an ingenious and simple mechanism.



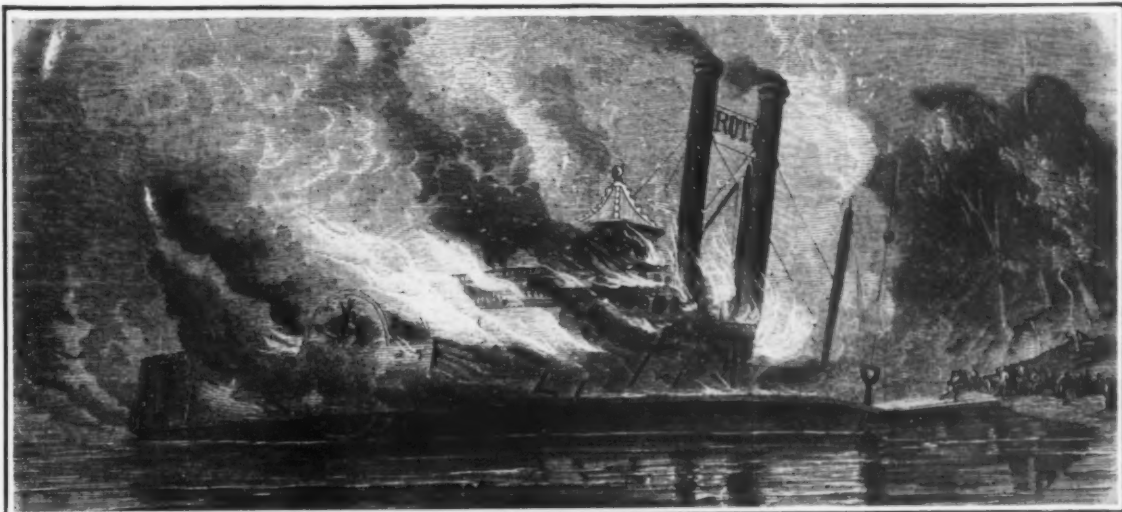
BATTLE OF HONEY SPRINGS, ARK., AND DEFEAT OF THE CONFEDERATES
Sketched by Leslie's Special Artist James R. O'Neill

A spirited engagement took place at Honey Springs, Ark., in the summer of 1863, in which General Blunt, a hero of many historic actions, by rapid and daring movements, discomfited the Confederates. He left a sick bed, collected his forces, crossed the Grand River, marched 13 miles up the Arkansas, only to find that General Cooper and 9,000 men were 25 miles away. Although his force was smaller he pushed on, overtook the enemy and by strategic generalship put him to flight. There were no decisive results of the battle except the capture of a large number of arms. After the battle Gen. Blunt yielded to a raging fever and was carried from the battlefield in an ambulance.



THE BLACK HAWK, ADMIRAL PORTER'S FLAGSHIP
Sketched by Leslie's Special Artist, Fred. B. Schell

Little resemblance can be found in this great bulky craft when compared with the low-lying, beautiful but awe-inspiring battle monsters of the navy of to-day. From her lower and forward deck boomed forth the cannon that did such splendid work in the Siege of Vicksburg, but her upper decks and entire aft construction resemble closely the pleasure steamers of our larger rivers. She was quite a curiosity in naval architecture, being an old Mississippi steamer altered to resemble as nearly as possible a sloop of war. She carried a battery of ten guns, whereas the Texas and New York, our greatest battleships, neither of which is quite completed, will carry ten 14-inch guns, twenty-one 5-inch, four 3 pounders, two 1 pounders, two 3-inch F, and two 30-cal. m., a total of 41 guns.



BURNING OF THE U. S. STEAMER RUTH
Sketched by Leslie's Special Artist F. B. Schell

The destruction of the Steamer "Ruth" on August 3rd, 1863, was attended with great death and loss to the government. There were 200 souls on board and an immense sum of money in charge of Major Felliger and other paymasters, to pay General Grant's Army at Vicksburg. The "Ruth" left St. Louis for Vicksburg on the 3rd, and when near Island No. 1 was discovered to be on fire between decks. As soon as this was known the boat was headed for the Missouri side, but as the fire drove the engineers from their posts, she struck the shore with great force, and before many could jump ashore she swung off, and as her engines were working, ran down the river in flames. 30 persons were killed and many injured. The soldiers in charge of the government money acted heroically. It was thought that the ship was fired by Confederates incensed over the loss of the control of the Mississippi River to the Southern cause.

August, 1863.

The Brooklyn 14th Regiment has sent a detachment to New York for 700 conscripts apportioned to that regiment. This regiment has suffered most severely and although numbers of recruits have arrived from time to time, it now musters less than 100 men. Very few officers are left, and of the original organization there are less than a score of survivors.

An individual recently appeared at the Sandusky, Ohio, poor-house in search of a wife, and requested the Superintendent to "trot out" his marriageable stock, as he was terribly in earnest and in something of a hurry. A female vagrant of ripe age was produced, and with very few preliminaries the twain were made one flesh.

The French had some singular candidates for legislative honors at their last election, almost rivaling some of our Pewter Mug and Tammany politicians. Among one was one who called himself the "humane candidate." He had a plan to make everybody happy. He had photographs of his benevolent visage posted all over the streets of Paris. This is an idea not yet carried out on this continent. There was another who declared himself gifted with supernatural powers. A third claimed election on the plea of such wonderful financial abilities that he could grant every person a pension without laying out a single tax. A fourth would certainly carry the day if women had been voters; he pledged himself to pass a law compelling every bachelor and widower to marry, the former when he reached the discreet year of 23, and the other three months after the death of the previous wife. The correspondent of the London Times adds, "Strange to say, votes were recorded for every one of these impostors."

Thomas Addis Emmet died on the 11th August, at his residence, Astoria, L. I., at the age of 65. Mr. Emmet was a nephew of Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot, and the son of Thomas Addis Emmet whose monument at St. Paul's Church is daily seen by thousands as they pass through Broadway. Mr. Emmet was a quiet, unassuming gentleman. He was a number of years a Master in Chancery, an office which he filled with ability. In early life he married a very estimable young lady, a member of one of our oldest families. Mr. Emmet was a man of domestic habits, warmly attached to his family, and has been a number of years a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in which he was born.

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